

LATEST NEWS ABOUT THE BIG FIGHT

# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
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OBJECTED TO BLOOMERS.

WOMEN OF CADILLAC, MICH., RIDICULED WHEN THEY APPEAR ON THE STREET IN KNICKERBOCKERS.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Fox Building,  
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SULLIVAN has been engaged to support Corbett in a new melo-dramatic sensation. Why not call it "Playmates?"

PUBLIC opinion is reflected in the verdict of the jury in the Fitzsimmons case. No unprejudiced person believes that the middle-weight really intended to do Riordan any harm when he struck the blow that resulted in the latter's death.

"BURN your letters." This is a tip for a married man, especially a newly-married man. If Henry Houston of Philadelphia had burned all his letters his wife would not have been suing him for divorce. But he'll know better next time, perhaps.

THE new woman is becoming a very important personage. There is one in New York city who makes her husband do the family washing, there are two in St. Louis who wear papa's trousers and there are more in St. Louis who want to play ball. These are only a few samples.

VALKYRIE III. has so far been something of a disappointment to the yachtsmen of Great Britain. All sorts of excuses have been made for her poor showing, and the opinion is pretty general now that the America's cup will remain on this side of the Atlantic for some time to come.

THESE are dog days for the soubrettes. A dressing-room is a tough place anyhow—it's almost a morgue as a rule—but in summer it's a broiling, sizzling oven. Some day a humane manager will build nice dressing-rooms in his theatre and then the profession will put his statue in the park.

PUGILISTIC match-making is now as much of an art as fighting; an evidence of its possibilities is shown in the arguments now pending between George Dixon and Billy Plimmer. A difference of one pound in weight is sufficient to cause a disagreement that will probably end in terminating all negotiations for a match.

PUBLIC sentiment seems to indicate that the New York baseball club is in need of a new manager, and but one name is heard in connection with the job—John Montgomery Ward. The team faces a great crisis—complete collapse, and requires a steady hand to guide it over this critical period. Ward is the man of the hour. He achieved a great triumph last year in the face of many difficulties, and is prepared to come to the help of his old comrades in this hour of need.

## MASKS AND FACES.

**Clever Maude Daniel's Latest Little Advertising Scheme.**

**HAD A MAN DRESS IN SKIRTS**

**Yolande Wallace and Her Unrollable Bathing-Suit at Coney Island.**

**WAVES GRINNED WHEN IT BUSTED.**

A theatrical dressing-room is not the coolest place in the world these days—or rather these nights—and the result is, the girls who do an act in tight-fitting costumes are very much to be envied. There is one young woman who has been dancing in the front row of a popular burlesque who has pressed her colored houseworker into the business. When she is at the theatre she calls the ebon wench a maid, but when she is at home the dark-skinned Lavinia is nothing more nor less than a plain cook. However, she comes in very handily in the stuffy little dressing-room with her big fan.

An athletic young woman who rejoiced in

strained to hear what was going on. "You're a man in disguise, that's what you are, and you've got to get out!" the policeman exclaimed suddenly in tones audible all over the house.

"How dare you insinuate such a thing?" replied the accused one angrily, "a man, indeed, the very idea!" Wild excitement reigned throughout the audience. Opera glasses were leveled at the blonde head, and women stood on tiptoe and even climbed upon their chairs to see what was happening.

Evidently the fair-haired lady (real or alleged) refused point-blank to depart, for the policeman laid ruthless hands upon her. A scuffle ensued, and suddenly the blonde curls were seen waving in the air in the policeman's grasp, while a man clad in woman's apparel ran rapidly up the aisle, pursued by his scalper.

The noise then was deafening. Some women cried, some laughed, a few cheered, and many either applauded or waved their handkerchiefs. It was even said that one fainted. A rumor spread rapidly about that the man was a college student who had come disguised in order to win a wager. This rumor was accepted as truth apparently without even a look of dissent. But then women are credulous creatures, especially when they are excited.

Was the "student" a member of the Wilbur Opera Company? Miss Daniel denied the base insinuation emphatically, and, of course, Miss Daniel knows. But the fact remains that she is a clever, shrewd manager, and the success of the little side-comedy is greatly to her credit. The rest of the opera went off well, and without any more sensations, and the applause was frequent and hearty.

Put not your trust in safety pins, is a maxim which



WHEN IT IS 100 IN THE SHADE.

the nom du theatre of Ajaxine, and who, in the days when she appeared before admiring and indulgent audiences, dallied on the stage with such trifles as 100-pound dumbbells, has come before the public again. She was in Cincinnati, O., on business, and as she was about to cross the street she was approached by a man, who, assuming her in advance of his great admiration for her, asked her to go driving with him. There was evidently something about the color or set of the man's cravat that she did not like, or perhaps the droop of his mustache did not suit her. At any rate, as he persisted in his attentions, she reached out, and, with a pair of muscles made strong by long practice, took him by his coat collar and hurled him six feet. He fell in the gutter, while the unconcerned Ajaxine pursued her way unmolested.

After all, it takes a woman to work up a really good press notice, and so far this season Miss Maude Daniel, the treasurer of the Wilbur Opera Company, is well ahead of the game. It happened in Buffalo. A woman's matinee had been advertised, and no horrible clove-chewing men were to be admitted.

"Fra Diavolo" was the opera sung, and during the first act the house was quiet except for occasional applause, but the moment the curtain went down the chatter began, and so absorbed were the majority of the women in their conversation, that they didn't notice at first the big policeman who accompanied Miss Maude Daniel, the treasurer, down to the orchestra railing.

Miss Daniel and her companion faced the audience and scanned the faces nearest them closely, then Miss Daniel whispered something to the official, and he stepped up to a very blonde lady sitting near the front of the house, and addressed her.

By this time, however, conversation had ceased, and the eyes of every woman in the house were riveted on the blonde woman and policeman, and the ears were

### Our Dainty Stage Darlings.

Fanny Ward, Nina Farrington, Lillian Russell, Marie Jansen, Sadie Martinot and all the pretty and prominent women of the stage. Photographed in light. We have every one you can name. All cabinet size. Satin finished, 10 cents each. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

drank the cooling beverages dispensed at this resort while the cars of the day were drowned by the delicious music from her violin, asked, "Where is Marguerite?" the reply was, "Oh, she has married and they are off on their honeymoon."

This was the story told to Theodore Berth, father of the girl, by Miss Sophie, whose is now filling her sister's place, and by other members of the orchestra, as well as by the proprietor of the place. The announcement of the marriage was a surprise.

Now a deep gloom pervades the family circle, and Berth is trying hard to ascertain the present whereabouts of his daughter. The fact of the matter is Miss Marguerite Berth and the man who is said to be her husband were not married in Los Angeles. No marriage license was issued from the County Clerk's office.

The fond father would like to know where she is. Many of the young men about town were smitten with Miss Berth, and more than one son of papas with big bank accounts have tried to win her affections, and her disappearance has caused much comment.

A woman in Philadelphia has been doing a "Tribby" dance lately, and in order to excite comment has been wearing her diamond rings on her toes instead of her fingers. Poor Tribby did some very strange things when she was under the hypnotizing influence of Svengali, but it is extremely doubtful that she ever appeared in public with her toes covered with gold and precious stones.

It is pretty hard to tell where this Tribby craze is going to end. One consolation, however, is that nature will not permit every woman with a pretty face or good figure to become Tribby crazy. There are other things to be taken into consideration—feet, for instance. There are some women who would sooner commit suicide than show their feet, for which we are all truly thankful.

Two more young women of the stage, who have been very, very economical during the past season, have gone abroad to breathe the airs of London and Paris, buy gowns, have a good time and take a much needed rest. They are Madeline and Mabel Bouton. They are all right for the fall, for when they return with bronzed cheeks and well filled trunks, Madeline will play with Bob Hilliard, while Mabel has been engaged to do a dance in "Excelsior, Jr."

Madge Leasing, our Broadway Madge, whose beautifully dimpled knees even silk tights cannot conceal, is lounging on the boulevards of the continent just now. She sailed away on the State of Nebraska, a long passage ship. She didn't go that way because it was cheaper than the greyhounds. Not at all. She went because it was a nice trip, and Madge loves the briny so much that she likes these long trips. She sailed away very quietly, and failed to give her many friends and admirers a chance to stock her stateroom with flowers and comforts of the voyage.

Miss Mabel Earle, who went from New York to Chicago a short time ago in search of that most desirable thing known as an engagement, will be inclined to steer clear of the Windy City in the future, because of her unpleasant experience. She was down town rather late one evening, and it was 10:30 before she started for her hotel, the Rosemore.

She did not know where to get a car, and meeting a well-dressed stranger, she asked him to direct her. He said he was going that way, but instead of showing her where to take the car he led her across Michigan avenue north of the Art Institute, where she says he endeavored to assault her. She resisted stoutly, but was thrown down and kicked in the face, her hands and wrists being badly scratched.

She screamed at the top of her voice, a crowd was soon attracted, and her assailant arose and ran toward Washington street, the crowd tearing after him and swearing vengeance. Miss Earle ran after him also, but could not stand the pace. At the corner of Wabash avenue a policeman caught Nelson, and rang for the patrol wagon, which took the prisoner to the Harrison street station, where he was locked up. He gave no explanation of his conduct.

Miss Earle's dress was torn and her face and arms bruised, but otherwise she was not harmed.

Mrs. Atkins Lawrence was the first equestrienne to ride astride on the Coney Island Boulevard. Katie Emmett, who was already a good rider, and who is training her horse for her forthcoming play, has adopted the same style of dress worn by Mrs. Lawrence, and last Saturday appeared on the Boulevard with the latter riding astride. In her new play Miss Emmett will personate a boy. By the time she appears she will be so familiar with the boy business that it will be a difficult thing to make her believe that, after all, she is only a woman who has worked very hard in order that she might actually deceive herself.

### Liveliest of the Day!

A Parisian Sultan. A charming and exciting story from the French, by Albert de Sarasin, No. 15 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Beautifully and appropriately illustrated with 95 engravings. Sent by mail to any address securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.



## PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

Miss Thompson, of Jackson, Ky., and Her Two Lovers.

HARD WORK TO CHOOSE ONE.

Two Youngsters Who Rode Thirty-Two Miles on a Steer to get Married.

BUT THEY WERE SEPARATED.

It is pretty hard for such a lively town as Jackson, Ky., to quiet down. There is always some event of stirring interest which gives people something to think of. The heroine of the latest one is Miss Dora Thompson, the pretty eighteen-year-old niece of J. W. Hagen, proprietor of the Arlington Hotel.

Miss Thompson has had two lovers—Durey Arnett, of Salyersville, and William Spurlock. She finally decided to marry Arnett July 4 at Lexington, Ky. Spurlock subsequently prevailed upon her to elope with him to Salyersville and get married. They started in a buckboard across the mountains, but were observed by a friend of Arnett, who told Mr. Hagen.

The latter mounted a horse and with a brace of revolvers started in pursuit of the elopers. He overtook them about five miles from town, made the young lady mount the horse behind him, and dashed back to Jackson. Spurlock was inclined to show fight and drew his gun, but was afraid of hurting the girl. When Hagen reached home he locked the truant girl in a room.

Spurlock sent a committee of five to see the girl and her uncle, requesting that he and Arnett stand up together and let the girl choose between them. In the meanwhile, however, Arnett had got her ear, and she repudiated the loved Arnett best. Spurlock then determined to have her anyway.

Thursday night Arnett visited town to buy a wedding outfit. While he was in the store Spurlock walked up to him, and, after a few words, two forty-fours were drawn at the same instant, and two triggers clicked simultaneously, but before the hammers of the guns could fall the girl, who had followed her lover, stepped between them and said:

"Bill Spurlock, I hate you for this. Durey's a gentleman, and I'm going to be his wife this minute. Put down those pistols, both of you, and we'll go get Brother Dickey to marry Durey and me."

The men were disarmed and made to shake hands. Then the party went down to Rev. Mr. Dickey's house, and in the presence of quite a crowd were married.

A young couple from Tuscola, Va., appeared at Coeburn, a station on the Clinch Valley Division of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, on Saturday astride of a steer. They had come from their homes, thirty-two miles distant, in that way. They were Lonella Regard, aged sixteen, and Burton Preston, aged eighteen, the son of a wealthy farmer. They said they had come to get married, but they had no money to buy a license.

They were so earnest and pleading that those who heard their story took up a collection. Then it developed that there was no one in the village who would perform the ceremony, and enough money was raised to send the couple by train to Bristol, Tennessee. They were married at Bristol and then started afoot across the country to their home, then seventy-three miles away. On arriving at Tacoma, in Wise County, the couple were met by three masked men and the girl's father. The girl was taken away from her boy husband after a desperate fight.

### MURDERER BUCHANAN EXECUTED.

After a delay in the courts of over two years Robert W. Buchanan, who killed his wife in New York city on April 23, 1892, was shocked to death by electricity in the death house attached to Sing Sing prison on July 1.

By eleven o'clock, the hour set for the execution, all of the witnesses, about twenty-eight in all, had gathered in the library of Warden Sage's house, and in obedience to a sign from the warden the march was taken up to the house in which the death chair was waiting. The witnesses were requested to be seated on the little stools which had been provided for them, and the principal keeper went to get the condemned man. In a few moments they came through the stone corridor which leads from the death cells. The warden led the way.

As the party stepped into the room where the wit-

nesses were sitting, Buchanan, still wearing his eyeglasses, looked up at the sunlight and glanced once around the room.

The chaplain dropped Buchanan's arm just before the chair was reached. A guard took hold of either of Buchanan's arms, backed him to the chair, and he sat down. Then two guards strapped down the arms to the chair. Another guard placed the strong strap around his chest and fastened it, and the other two adjusted the electrodes. The sponges had been wet. One was fastened on the right leg at the knee. The other, in the shape of a cap, was fitted over the top of the head. While the head electrode was being put in place another guard fitted a harness over the face that left only the nose and mouth free.

The work of adjusting the straps and the electrodes occupied just a minute. Dr. Irvine felt of them. Dr. Gibbs stood with a watch open in his hand. Warden Sage stood next to him, and beyond was Electrician Davis with his finger on the electric button that signalled to the executioner inside the box, back of the chair.

Dr. Gibbs nodded to the Warden. The Warden nodded to Davis and Davis pressed the button.

Like a flash the body of the man jumped and expanded. It seemed as if the straps would break. The hands, which had been flat, clinched the moment of the shock in spite of the straps. The current measured 1,740 volts. It was kept at that strength for seven

### MARKSMEN IN CLOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

New York city has been filled for a week past with the Schuetsen. They have come from every town, city and hamlet in the country that boasts of a Schuetsen build from Maine to California. They paraded 5,000 strong on the opening day of the celebration in New York city.

The column formed in front of headquarters, in St. Marks place. The route of the parade was St. Marks place to Broadway, to Union square, to Fifth avenue, to Thirty-fourth street and thence to the Long Island ferry, where boats were boarded for Glendale Park.

On the reviewing stand were Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn, Mayor Warner of Jersey City, the German Consul-General, August Feigel; Sheriff Tamasa, Mayor Fagan of Hoboken and Mayor Heinkeiman of Union Hill, Herman Ridder, Comptroller Fitch, General Franz Sigel, Captain Kroger, George Ehret, George Ringler, Jacob Ruppert, Herman Hinselcher and Mr. Katzenmeyer.

Every house along the route in which a German family lived was decorated with American and German flags. The varied uniforms of the paraders made a charming sight, their guns giving the column the appearance of an army. There were forty bands in line, one at the head of each Schuetsen corps.

The most attractive feature of the parade, was the "Schuetsen Liene," or shooting Elizabeth or Queen, Miss Clara Bonne, the actress of the Germania Theatre, Fraulein Bonne marched on foot at the head of the fourth division, clad in peasant girl costume. She wore a blouse of snowy white, with ample sleeves, with light blue ribbons; a tight-fitting black bodice and a light blue skirt, trimmed with velvet stripes, and coming down just far enough to reveal dainty ankles in blue-clothed black stockings. There were black tie shoes and a mortar-board hat set jauntily on one side of a pretty blonde head, showing a regulation target on its crown, bull's eye and all. From under this the blonde

H. N. Adams, thirty-four years old, and Miss Mary Riggs, twenty-one years old. They are frightfully mangled, but the physicians have hopes of their recovery. As to the others, there is not one chance in a thousand of their surviving their awful injuries.

Hoyer and Boise are young men, who are both employed upon the Chicago drainage canal, and have been paying attention to Miss Biers for a long time. She was the belle of the village, and sought after by many, but only Hoyer and Boise found favor in her eyes. Finally she chose Boise, and then Hoyer swore they should never marry.

Hoyer was not at work on the day of the explosion, but hung around the canal, and at a favorable moment, when the men were at dinner, stole a number of dynamite cartridges and hid them away. He had a sufficient quantity to blow up a block of buildings, but he wanted to be sure of his work. The house in which Molly and the others lived is some distance from the business centre of the little town, so Hoyer had no difficulty in avoiding detection in carrying out his plan.

When all the inmates of the Biers' cottage were asleep early in the morning he stole up to the place and, putting the cartridges under the house, placed the fuse, lit it and ran away. The explosion was a terrible one and blew the house to pieces, the framework being scattered everywhere. The inmates were thrown some distance and it was remarkable that all of them were not killed instantly.

Miss Biers was found fully a hundred yards from where the house had formerly stood, with her legs broken and a large gash in her head; Mrs. Biers was suffering from a wound in the head and had an arm broken, besides internal injuries, while Mrs. Clay had her chest crushed by some heavy pieces of timber falling upon her.

The report of the explosion woke up the sleeping village and soon nearly every inhabitant was at the spot. None of the victims could speak, but it was at once surmised that Hoyer was the perpetrator of the outrage, and a hunt was begun for him as soon as the injured were conveyed to the houses where their injuries could be cared for.

A posse was formed, but Hoyer could not be found. Had he been taken then he would have been hanged. Later in the day he turned up in Lemont, Ill., and gave himself up.

### REDDY GALLAGHER

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Out west in and about Colorado there are many well known men who enjoy the friendship and confidence of the sporting element, but none are better or more favorably regarded than Reddy Gallagher. He is a Denver product, a good boxer and an all round sport. He has had some good men test his pugilistic quality, but though having suffered defeat he is still looked upon as a game man.

### GEORGE STRONG.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Many pugilists sink into public oblivion after putting four or five fights to their credit, but one who can point with pride to fifty-one ring encounters has just cause to boast of his achievements. Such a one is George Strong. He fights at 125 pounds, and some of the best exponents of pugilism in his class have gone down before him. He is a willing lad, ready to go anywhere to further enhance his reputation. He is game and clever, and possesses all the attributes of a good fighter.

### RICHARD K. FOX WAS THE PATRON.

The entertainment at the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, in North street, Belfast, Ireland, which was given on the evening of June 24, was under the patronage of Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who was present on that occasion with a large party of friends. The bill, as advertised in all of the Belfast papers, was as follows:

ALHAMBRA THEATRE OF VARIETIES, NORTH STREET.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. W. J. Ashcroft.  
General Manager.....Mr. Con Salmon.  
Most expensive Starring Engagement, for Six Nights Only, of the Royal Thompson Trio, the Premier of all Musical Comedy Acts, introducing Percy Horn, the most marvelous Concertina Soloist in the world, supported by Miss Amy Horton, Mr. Jas. W. Howie, Miss Florence Leoville, Mr. Tom Falconer's celebrated Sketch Company, Gladwell and Gower, Mr. George Kingston, Mr. Tom Milner, Mr. George Lashwood, the Great London Comedian.

### "BYE BYE, PAPA!"

She Said, Waving Her Hand to Him From the Car Platform.

Elmer Burton, a handsome young music teacher, and Miss Pearl Tucker, daughter of a prominent resident of York, Ky., had an exciting experience before they were married at Mt. Sterling, Ky., recently. Miss Tucker's father insisted on her receiving the attentions of Raymond Rowell, but the young lady had notions of her own.

It is said that Mr. Tucker forbade his daughter speaking to Burton, and when he caught them tete-a-tete, in a grape arbor chased the young man, who escaped by swimming a stream. While her father was away on business Miss Tucker sent her lover a note, telling him of her stratagem. Securing a carriage and driver, Burton called, and was not long in inducing her to elope.

The father, coming back shortly, started in pursuit, driving at a terrible rate. While he was bowling recklessly along, the wheel of his buggy struck a stone and broke down. Stripping the harness off the horse, he galloped onward, and reached Leon just in time to see a young lady standing on the rear platform of a departing train, who, upon recognizing him, waved a handkerchief toward him. In great rage, the father returned home, while the happy young couple continued their journey to Mt. Sterling, where they were married.

John Crotty, of Austin, Tex., is anxious to arrange a series of international snail races to take place in Texas during the week of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. The POLICE GAZETTE has obliged England an invitation to convene to come over and row. \$1,000 expenses will be allowed a visiting four-oared crew.

### Too Often the Case!

An Unfaithful Wife. By Paul de Kock, one of the most famous French authors, No. 16 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Illustrated with 53 unique pictures. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.



TOOK HIS ELOPING NIECE HOME WITH HIM.

hair hugging in a heavy braid on shapely shoulders, and to the right hand of the fair Schuetsen Liene was poised a golden chalice—a toast to the winner—while the left arm was akimbo, the dainty fist planted firmly on the hip.

### BLOWN UP BY A JEALOUS LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Because a girl, who apparently knew what she wanted, refused to marry him, Luke Hoyer put dynamite under the house where she lived in Romeo, a small town on the Drainage Canal, Ill., and blew up the structure.

As a result of this fiendish act three women will probably die, and two will carry for life the marks of their wounds. The cause of the tragedy was Mollie Biers, a beautiful young woman. She did not like Hoyer, and in telling him so said she loved Timothy Boise. Then, after that declaration, the rejected lover carried out his plan of revenge that was almost fiendish.

Two other women were in the house at the time—Mrs.

### A Straight Tip.

THE POLICE GAZETTE mailed your address 15 weeks for \$1.00. If you want to see a sample copy before subscribing a copy will be sent you on receipt of 10 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.





TEDDY DU COE.

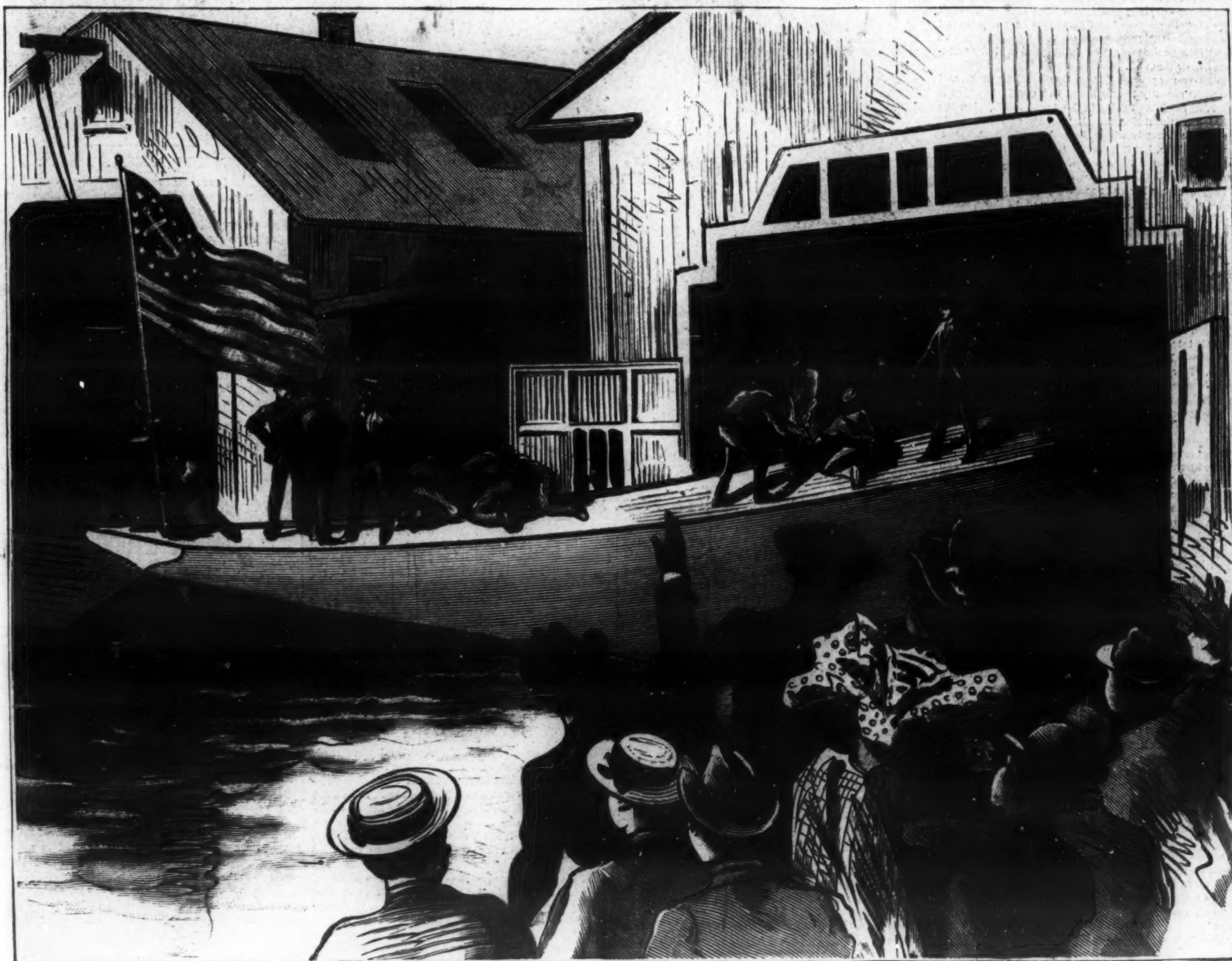
STAR OF THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE WHO LOOKS AS WELL IN FLESHINGS AS IN CHIFFON GOWNS.





MARKSMEN IN CLOVER.

GERMAN SHARPSHOOTERS CELEBRATE THEIR ANNUAL FESTIVITIES AT GLENDALE PARK, LONG ISLAND.



DEFENDER GLIDES OFF THE WAYS.

LAUNCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL YACHT, THE HOPE OF AMERICA, AMID DEAFENING SHOUTS AND APPLAUSE.



## NEW WOMEN UP TO DATE.

Lizzie Newman and Estelle Shaw,  
of St. Louis, Come to Grief.

## THEY BOTH WORE TROUSERS

A Chicago Officer Thought Nettle May  
Parker, of Minneapolis, was a Boy.

## GOATHAM'S WOMAN RUNS THE HOUSE.

There is no longer any doubt but that the new woman, with her trousers just the same as a man, and her nineteenth century ideas, is very much here. During the past week she has made herself heard as well as felt.



JUST A CASE OF TURN ABOUT.

pretty well throughout the country, and if this sort of thing keeps up any longer, poor man will have to take to the woods or else throw up his hands and make an unconditional surrender.

Two of the most advanced of their sex are Miss Lizzie Newman and Miss Estelle Shaw of St. Louis. They are both pretty—the subjects of escapades usually are—and they are both possessed of figures that are so plump and rounding in their delicious curves that it seems as though the owners might easily be pardoned for wanting to show them off.

These young women live on South Ninth street, and one night recently they came to the conclusion that it would be the jolliest thing in the world to abandon the clinging petticoat for the shape-showing trousers. It isn't known exactly where the articles of masculine attire came from, but it is known that they appeared on the streets dressed like a pair of conventional men from shoes to hat.

They were having an exceedingly jolly time fooling their acquaintances, but ere long came a deep, heart-breaking grief. The cause of their woes was a great big unfeeling and ungallant copper, who only saw an offense against the dignity and ordinances of the city of which he was "one of the finest," and he arrested them. He marched them to the Souard street station-house, and then the woman part of the masqueraders showed itself in copious tears. It took two bail bonds of \$25 each to release these new maids, and when they appeared in the police court the next morning they had discarded trousers, coats, vests and Derby hats, and were dressed in more becoming feminine frills and fopperies. It was perhaps because they looked so dainty in their robes *a la mode* that the adamant heart of the presiding justice was melted and he allowed them to go without even so much as a reprimand.

It has remained for a new woman of New York City, who is known as Mrs. Catherine McIlwaine, to put man to some good use. She keeps a stationery store at No. 33 Columbus avenue, and her husband, Alexander, lives with her at No. 35 Columbus avenue. She is a handsome woman, well developed and muscular; he is wisened, subdued in manner and talks in a treble voice. Mrs. McIlwaine had her husband before Police Justice Ryan in the Yorkville Police Court a few days ago, charging him with ill-treatment and failure to support her.

"Oh! Why did I get married?" sighed McIlwaine, striking the high C, when he was arraigned.

"It's rather late to ask that question," answered His Honor, unfeelingly. "What have you to say to your wife's charges?"

"It's all because I wouldn't do the washing and ironing any longer," answered McIlwaine weakly.

"What?" exclaimed the Justice, "she wanted you to do the washing?"

"Wanted me?" returned McIlwaine, "wanted me?" and his voice took a flight to the ceiling, "why, you don't know her. She made me do the washing. She stood over me with a horse-whip. I did a whole week's washing last Thursday, and on Friday and Saturday she threatened me with that whip until I did the ironing."

Mrs. McIlwaine, who was standing next to her better half, made an impatient gesture. McIlwaine jumped and grew pale.

"Don't be afraid," said the Justice, soothingly. "She can't touch you here."

"It's a big snake-whip, Your Honor," answered McIlwaine, reassured. "The very thought of gives me pain."

"What's the truth of this, Mrs. McIlwaine?" asked His Honor, turning to the wife.

"Oh, I can't keep a servant on account of this man," replied this end-of-the-century woman, with much decision, "and so I made him do the washing. I didn't propose to have it done outside while he loafed. He said he wouldn't do it, and I got a whip. Then he did it.

But he costs me more to keep than to pay a servant. He does nothing but loaf and drink. I want him sent to the Island."

"I'll give him a month to begin with," said the obliging Justice.

From St. Paul, Minn., the town of the good old saint's name, came also a new woman, and also one who was extremely practical, withal. She made her advent in Chicago one dark night. And oh, how she was dressed! Just like a swell of the male persuasion, with closely-fitting cutaway coat, high collar, a four-in-hand tie, a colored shirt, fancy waistcoat and a straw hat. But there was one redeeming feature. She had a short skirt on, the bottom of which came on a line with her knees. I was going to say dimpled knees, and perhaps I ought to, for she looked as though she might have dimples in those localities.

As she stepped from the train a policeman reached the conclusion that she was a boy masquerading in woman's clothes. He asked the conductor, who replied:

"Of course it's a boy. I've had my eye on her all the way from St. Paul."

The officer arrested the woman, who pleaded in vain for protection, and claimed that her name was Nettle May Parker.

"Come along now, young fellow," said the officer, "and none of your guff."

Then the young woman, with many blushes, convinced the policeman that he had made a mistake.

In searching her baggage a revolver was found. She said she was a "drummer" for a shoe company, carried the revolver for protection, and that her name was Nettle May Parker.

The policeman's face has carried a blush ever since.

E. C. Sexton, of Chicago, thinks the new woman is a good thing, so he advertised for "nine active young ladies immediately." He got them so quick it made his head swim, and when he told them he wanted them to join the Bloomer Baseball Club they told him they couldn't join quick enough. In the layout there were fat girls, thin girls, blonde girls and brunette girls, girls of all shapes and sizes and girls that weren't girls at all, but women, who had passed the high water mark years and years ago. But they were all anxious to play ball, and to learn all about base hits and home runs.

Two of the girls had left husbands at home, and half a dozen of the fair applicants were willing to break marriage engage-



PREPARED TO CONQUER IN PAPA'S CLOTHES.

ments in order to get on the team. When the nine is organized it will go to Duluth, where the people haven't seen any new women lately, and it will be exhibited as the finest aggregation of bloomerball batters in the country.

They will have a woman manager, for no man could be expected to manage nine muscular new women. It would cost him his life. There will be a new woman umpire, too. The only men in the show will be those who pay their good coins at the gate.

Miss Lyna Van Mourick, a pretty young Chicago typewriter, was summoned to serve as a juror in Judge Tutbill's Court. Miss Van Mourick appeared somewhat timid when the jurors were told to stand up and be sworn to answer questions.

"Hold up your hands, gentlemen, and be sworn," ordered the Clerk. Miss Van Mourick blushed slightly, while the stalwart men surrounding her pushed their hands into the air. Clerk Hastings nodded to her and up went Miss Van Mourick's hand. The oath was duly administered and the examination of the jurors began. Judge Tutbill noticed the fair juror in the crowd and remarked:

"Do you want to see me?"

"I am a juror," replied Miss Van Mourick.

"Well, the law does not require you to serve," said His Honor, smiling. "But you are entitled to pay for coming here. The Clerk will give you a voucher for two days' pay."

## In Gay, Reckless Bohemia!

A Paris of Pleasures. No. 13, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A vivid and graphic picture of Bohemian life in Paris, illustrated with 30 rare and beautiful drawings. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## HIS WIFE FOUND A LETTER.

Then She Startled Philadelphia  
with a Racy Divorce Suit.

## NOW HENRY IS A FUGITIVE.

The Trouble was Caused by a Woman  
Who Wanted Support for Her Baby.

## EDITH IS SORRY SHE ELOPED.

A romantic school girl; a young lover; an elopement; a secret marriage, and the subsequent alleged infidelity of the young husband are the many allegations made which a suit for divorce has revealed.

The suit is that of Edith N. Houston against her husband, Henry D. Houston, which was brought by Lawyer Robert J. Arundel in Common Pleas Court No. 4, Philadelphia, in the September term, as the docket reveals.

The case is peculiar, inasmuch as it has so many different phases.

The couple were married on New Year's Day, 1892.

band informed her that he was going to open a branch office in New York city, and accordingly he went there every morning, returning in the evening for two or three months, until finally he only came home Saturday evenings, returning to New York every Monday.

This was after the birth of the first child, and Mrs. Houston found fault with her husband, and insisted upon going to New York with him, to which, however, he so strongly objected, as she alleges, that she at once suspected that something was wrong, and this was only intensified when he came home one Saturday night, under the influence of something, and she found, as alleged, a letter in his coat pocket.

This note, Mrs. Houston says, was written in a feminine hand, but was not enclosed in an envelope.

This letter, according to the copy in Lawyer Arundel's possession, read:

"My Dear Henry—I cannot live this way any longer. I have discovered that you are married, and I am willing to forgive the wrong you have done me. You must make some arrangements about the birth of our child, as I expect to be ill in a short time. I will not do as you suggest."

Mrs. Houston showed the letter to her husband and accused him of forgetting his matrimonial vows. Houston denied the charge, and said that the letter was intended for a friend, and had been placed in his box, and he had opened it by mistake.

Mrs. Houston, however, did not believe him and, leaving her home, called on her father, who had a short time before moved to Philadelphia, and he at once advised her to institute divorce proceedings, and accordingly she consulted Lawyer Arundel.

Detectives were employed, as Mrs. Houston alleges, and they traced the woman, who is supposed to have written the letter, to a house on North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, where she gave birth to a child. Her name, as alleged, was ascertained to be Whitney, an orphan, aged about twenty years, who was employed as a typewriter.

She charged Houston, as alleged, with being responsible for her condition, and declared that he had ruined her under a promise of marriage. Mrs. Houston thereupon instructed Lawyer Arundel to bring proceedings in divorce, which was done, the other woman being named as co-respondent.

Houston has not been seen since the trouble first began, and it is believed that he has left the city, and an order of publication will have to be resorted to to reach him.

In a letter dated Canton, O., sent to his wife, Houston says that Selina brought the charge against him for the purpose of getting money.

He says that he is not guilty of having broken the vows of matrimony, and expects to be able to show his innocence.

## TWIN BURT SISTERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The woods are full of infant prodigies, and there are hundreds of youngsters whose fond and doting parents believe they would make hits on the stage. Among those who have really reached the pinnacle of success are the Twin Burt Sisters, Elma and Monta, whose portraits, in a familiar and favorite pose, are reproduced in this issue. At every place where they have appeared they have been looked upon as little less than stars. Their acrobatic dancing act has won for them an enviable position on the stage. They have been engaged for the summer season by the manager of the White Crook Company, at a salary which is paid to few professionals on the stage to-day.

## SOUTHERN DAMSELS AFLOAT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The average southern girl may be a beauty of languorous, siesta-loving disposition, quite unable as a rule to compete with her northern sister in sports which require much exertion, but there are times when she breaks out and shows just what metal there is in her.

A party of men-wearry young women of New Orleans, La., got together about a week ago and concluded to enjoy themselves for at least a month without the assist-



OF WHICH SEX?

ance of fathers, brothers, sweethearts and friends. They chartered a yacht on Lake Pontchartrain, had her put in commission and, taking with them a couple of negro "aunties," they set out on a cruise.

They are on the lake now having the finest kind of a free and easy time. They have been sighted several times, but have hitherto persistently refused to answer any signals or to heave to. A few days ago a party of their male friends, aboard a yacht owned by one of their number started out for a lark to run the female craft down, but the ladies' boat showed a clean pair of heels to the pursuer, and after a brisk run, which lasted several hours, the men gave it up and sailed back home.

## Fair But Frail!

"The Demi-Monde of Paris." Real and daring portrayal of life in the gay capitals of the world. Superbly illustrated with 167 photo-gravures. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

In April, 1893, as Mrs. Houston alleges, her hus-



## HETTIE WANTED TO BE A MAN

So She Dressed in Her Brother's  
Clothes and Left Her Home.

## THREE MONTHS SHE TRAMPED

Then a Physician in a Chicago Hospital  
Discovered She was a Woman.

HER HOME IS IN STANTON, DEL.

Miss Hettie Dickey, of Stanton, five miles from Wilmington, Del., doesn't want to be a man. She doesn't even want to dress like a man. She has had enough of trousers and vest to last her all her life, and she is content now to be a girl with long hair, who wears frocks and gowns, just like other girls. Her experience has been a most severe one, and it was all owing to her indomitable pluck that she lived through it. But now she is well and happy again, and content to remain beneath her father's roof until she enters a home of her own.

It was three months ago when she left her home, dressed in a man's suit and carrying a small hand-satchel containing two suits of underwear, one shirt, two handkerchiefs, a comb, two collars and a novel. The light suit she wore fitted her slender form perfectly. For years this young woman had been wishing she were a man.

The impulse to see the world as a man sees it grew upon her to such an extent that she finally decided to leave home.

She secreted a suit of her brother's clothes in the woodshed, and soon after noon on March 24 she slipped quietly into the shed and put on the masculine attire.

Then she walked calmly out of the yard in front of her home to the road leading to Tiamond station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It was then about 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

She followed the tracks for three miles without meeting any one. Then two men came in sight and, for fear of detection, she turned aside into a field and made her way to Newark, where she took the three o'clock train for Baltimore.

By this time her parents were searching the country for her in the immediate vicinity of their home.

Reaching Baltimore, she stopped for an hour. Then she bought a ticket to Chicago and left on the 7 o'clock train over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

All the money she had upon leaving home was \$20. She reached Chicago on the night of March 25 with \$3.48 in the pocket of her trousers.

Her original intention was to go to Denver or San Francisco. In both of those places she has relatives.

Now comes the most interesting part of her story.

After her arrival in the Windy City she was at a loss to know where to lay her head. She was afraid to go to a lodging house, so she concluded to walk the streets rather than run the risk of being detected. For two nights she tramped the sidewalks of Chicago before finding a place of shelter. At last she found a big lumber yard near the lake, and there she spent five nights among the piles of lumber.

What little food she ate during this time she purchased at cheap restaurants. In all of these she seated herself at tables alongside men.

For three nights she occupied a corner in a box car standing on a side track of the Illinois Central Railroad.

One of the employees discovered her and demanded an explanation of her presence. She maintained her fortitude, and succeeded in escaping arrest.

She went on in this way for two weeks until, overcome by exhaustion, she fell ill, and was removed to Cook County Hospital. The incessant tramping and clumsiness of her brother's shoes caused severe injuries to her feet. Upon removal of the shoes at the hospital flesh came off with them.

A diagnosis of her case was made by the physician in charge. While making an examination of her lungs he discovered her sex. She told him her name was Hettie Dickerson, but subsequently admitted that it was Hettie Dickey, and that her home was in Stanton, Del.

After listening to her narrative the doctor notified her parents. On April 24, one month from the time of her disappearance, she wrote to her mother, describing her sufferings and asking forgiveness.

"If they had turned me away from the hospital," she wrote, "I don't know what would have become of me, for surely I could not live long dressed as a man. They would not have taken me in had not the doctor discovered that I was a woman. The doctor offered me clothes that had been worn by dead people."

In three weeks from the time she was admitted to the hospital she had recovered sufficiently to walk about. There was some doubt in the doctor's mind as to her sanity, and she was ordered to appear in court for examination.

This resulted in her transfer to the Dunning Insane Asylum, where she remained until last Tuesday. Then, on an order from her parents, she was released.

During her incarceration at the asylum a trunk filled

with clothes arrived from her home, and upon her release she started for Stanton.

When she reached home, with the exception of a slight feebleness, she was none the worse for her experience.

When questioned regarding their daughter's behavior Mr. and Mrs. Dickey could give no explanation. For many years Miss Dickey had taken an active part in temperance work. She was a devout Christian and a firm believer in the doctrine of the Presbyterian church until a year ago, when she suddenly manifested a belief in the teachings of the Seventh Day Adventists, who were then holding meetings at Newark, Delaware.

So intense did her admiration for them become that arguments with her parents were frequent. For this reason it was thought that she had mysteriously departed in order to join them.

### OBJECTED TO THE BLOOMERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A short time ago four or five ladies appeared upon the streets of Cadillac, Mich., in bloomer costumes, and such a storm of ridicule arose that they never afterward repeated the experiment. Lately a meeting of the fair devotees of the wheel was held, when it was unanimously decided to adopt bloomers, in spite of Mme. Grundy's protest, and to appear so attired in the bicycle parade July 4. It was further determined to ask police protection against the hoodlums who, on the occasion of their first appearance, kept up a constant howl of derision, and in several instances resorted to personal attacks. When the women appeared again the small boys made life miserable for them.

### JOHN POLLOCK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Here is a very good likeness of a young and ambitious sporting writer who is rapidly winning laurels for himself purely on his merits as a gatherer of sporting news. He has just turned twenty-two years of age, and has already achieved more recognition than many men whose active journalistic careers have covered more than that entire period. Mr. Pollock is well known among the sporting fraternity, his genial manner and address making him

## THE CUP IS IN DANGER.

Launch of the Defender Occasions Doubts and Fear.

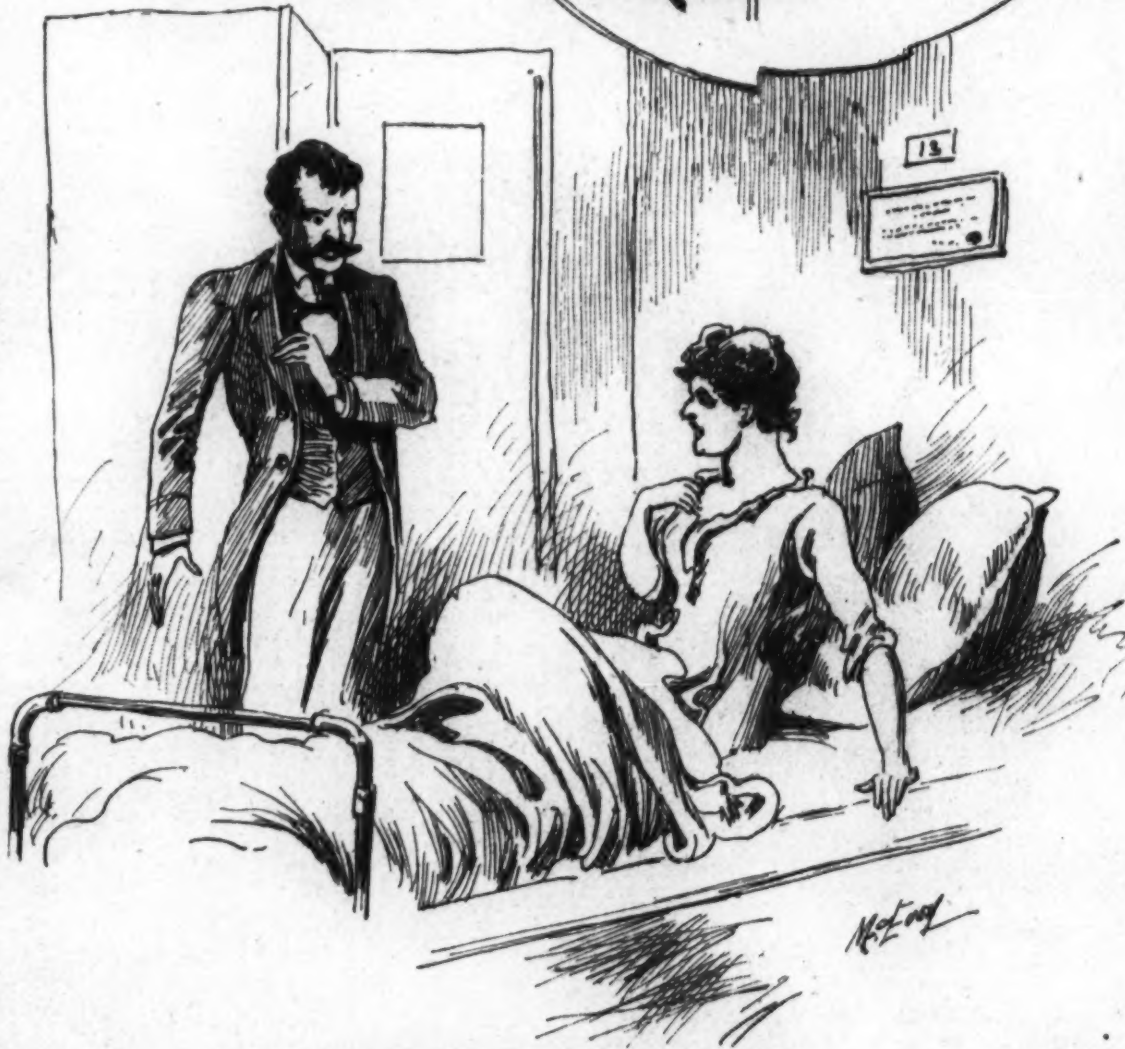
## GETTING READY FOR A TRIAL

She is a Powerful Boat of Fine Lines and Ought to Sail Well.

## HER DIMENSIONS IN FULL DETAIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The launching of the Defender lends interest to the



DISCOVERED HER IDENTITY IN A HOSPITAL.

the friend of every one with whom he comes in contact. His best work has been among the pugilists, and he now furnishes the "pugilistic pointers" that are an attractive feature of *The Evening World's* sporting department. He is probably the youngest sporting writer in the east, and Ed Roth predicts a successful future for him if he continues to work with the energy and "news sense" that he has shown thus far in his career.

### ORAR-PULLING MAIDENS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is nothing the nineteenth century young woman will not attempt. The very latest is aquatic. Not the ordinary kind, understand, but aquatics of the most approved order. There is an eight-oared shell on beautiful Lake Waban, Mass., and there is a pretty boat house on the shore. Almost every afternoon eight sturdy young women and a slender slip of a girl, who acts as coxswain, go out for a practice spin. The way they handle the sculls is worthy of comment.

### Oh, Mama, Buy Me That!

The latest of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. *Woman's Wickedness*. No. 19. That charming story from the French. By Georges Ohnet. It's only 50 cents, mailed to your address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

and of similar construction would beat the Defender, is another question which does not now come up for consideration, in view of the fact that no such boat has been built.

The Defender is a most interesting boat, not only because she will undoubtedly be chosen to defend the America cup, but because of the novelty of her construction, the entire disregard of expense shown in her building, and the wide departure of her model, in some respects, from the American boats which have hitherto been successful cup defenders.

Her exact cost is not known, but the Herreshoffs have been apparently given no restrictions, but have been told to turn out the fastest possible boat which money, brains and skill could produce. The result is the most expensive racing yacht ever launched, as well as one of the handsomest, and one from which a speed superior to that of any sailing yacht yet built on this side of the water may not unreasonably be expected.

If she does not successfully defend the cup it will not be because time or money has been spared in her construction, fitting or racing.

The Defender is an out-and-out keel boat, with no sign of a centreboard, either auxiliary or otherwise, about her, and is built as closely as possible to the limit of 90 feet waterline imposed by the new deed of gift, under which the races for the America cup are sailed. In the deed it is provided that vessels of one mast competing for the cup shall not be less than 65 or more than 90 feet on the load waterline, and it is this provision which led Lord Dunraven to name 89 feet as the waterline length of the challenger, and which prevents the defender from being a boat materially longer. The absurdity of figures which have given the waterline length of either Valkyrie III. or Defender as over 90 feet is therefore apparent.

Her beam, as given by Mr. Iselin, is 24 feet, and her draft 19 feet. The over-all length is always an uncertain quantity, depending on the points from which the measurement is made, but 124 is not far from correct on the Defender. It shows the customary long overhangs forward and aft, though not quite so long as in the Vigilant and Colonia.

Concisely stated, then, the dimensions of the Defender are: Length over all 124 feet, load water line 89 feet, beam 24 feet, draft 19 feet. They show a powerful keel boat, the most powerful ever built in America, and will swing a sail plan larger than that of the Vigilant, the largest ever put on a racing yacht on this side of the water.

In model the Defender is clearly an improved Colonia, the improvement coming in the giving of sufficient draft to hold on well to windward and in the shortening of the keel and the cutting away of the deadwood forward and aft to secure quickness in stays.

The theory of building the boat has been for bronze and steel below the waterline and aluminum above, the saving in weight being available for extra ballast. Or, to put it a bit differently, a greater percentage of ballast to total displacement is obtained than under the ordinary construction. Steel has been added where the greatest strains come, as at the chain plates, when a steel plate is bolted to the frames beneath the aluminum plates. Special machinery had to be made for rolling the frames and beams, and this probably did not lessen in any way the total cost of the boat.

In the sail plan of the Defender it is believed there will be found to be considerable departure from the plans of Vigilant and Colonia; an endeavor to put as much of the driving power as possible in the mainsail, and to make the headsails smaller, something after the fashion noticeable in Valkyrie II., Britannia and Albatross. The sail plan presented is well calculated to carry out this idea, and with the hull, shows the Defender as she really is, as well as some of the reasons for her being so.

The principal spar dimensions are as follows: Mast 100 feet, boom 100 feet, gaff 62 feet, topmast 60 feet, bowsprit outboard 30 feet. The mast carries 9 feet into the boat, and has a masthead of 19 feet, giving a measurement of 72 feet from deck to hounds and a hoist to mainmast of 61 feet. Corresponding dimensions on Vigilant in 1893, when she was measured for her race with Valkyrie III. were: Deck to hounds 69 feet, boom 98 feet, gaff 55 feet, topmast 57 feet, bowsprit outboard 33 feet. Her sail area was 11,272 square feet, under the New York Yacht Club's rules.

The Defender's mast is placed farther forward than that of Vigilant. Its measurement from deck to hounds is three feet more, while the boom is two feet longer, the gaff seven and the topmast three than similar spars on Vigilant. The bowsprit is three feet shorter. The result is a sail plan with a shorter base line, but longer perpendicular, than that of Vigilant, yet one which shows an increase of taxed measurement under the rule of considerably less than 500 feet, while at the same time a round thousand feet is gained in the actual area of the mainsail.

It would be a bold man who would confidently predict victory for either the Defender or her British rival, or who would doubt the closeness of the coming contest. Both are powerful keel boats of fine model, high power and large sail plans. Both are the most powerful ever turned out on their respective sides of the Atlantic, and into both has entered the best that the distinguished designers could put forward. America leads in lightness of construction, but England has the most sail. Conditions of previous races as to sail are reversed, and it is the challenger who has the most powerful and largest sailed boat. The races should be a battle royal. The cup is far from lost, but it is certainly in danger, and it will take the best that can be devised to keep it from a transatlantic voyage.

### GEORGE H. NILES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Any one who knows George H. Niles knows that he is hard to beat in his particular line of business. He is employed in Walsh's saloon, at 933 D street, Washington, D. C., and the drinks that he mixes for the thirty are liquid poems.

### TEDDY DU COE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Teddy Du Coe is a young woman to be envied, for the simple reason that she is a success. As Miss Du Coe, in gown and bonnet, she is as sweet, and dainty and winsome a girl as one could find. As an artiste, to whom nature has been kind, she leaves nothing to be desired.

### Full of Spice!

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SOUTHERN DANCE  
SWELL YOUNG WOMEN OF NEW ORLEANS, LA., WHO CAN HANDLE A BOAT.  
CRUISING ABOUT ON THE BEAUTIFUL





# DANCELS AFLOAT.

A SLOOP YACHT IN COMMISSION, FORSWEAR THE MEN AND SPEND A MONTH  
WATERS OF LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.



## SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest that Merit Criticism.

### THREE-SIDED CYCLE RACE.

Yale is Now the Undisputed Leader of College Athletic Affairs.

### BRITANNIA IS THE BETTER YACHT.

In the events of the busy week just passed the athlete has been a prominent factor. Men of affairs, anxious over a thousand and one business problems, have refreshed themselves at intervals with the accounts of his prowess on land and water. The minds of many have reverted to the days when, by similar exertions, they strengthened nerve and stored up vitality for the exhaustive battle of life. In several branches of sports there have been happenings which have hinted at possible changes to be made, more or less radical in their nature. For example, in yachting the launching of the Defender has occasioned widespread interest in the probable outcome of the race for the America's trophy. In wheeling, the exodus of crack cyclists from the amateur to professional ranks is prospective of the formation of a new professional league. The holding of the triangular rowing match at Poughkeepsie raises the question in the minds of some of the future use of the Hudson at that point for Yale and Harvard races.

Tennis has received a healthy impetus from the visit of the great English players, Pim and Mahony. Collegiate hopes have been both fulfilled and shattered by the results at New London. Records have been lowered, and a deal of muscle is being developed for further assaults upon them. The athletic championship contests are at hand, and training is being pursued diligently. Gossip pertinent to all this activity is offered briefly and newly.

The American yacht Defender has been launched and all the Herreshoff secrets about her dimensions, lines, etc., etc., have been made public. The launching of Valkyrie III, the new challenger, happened several weeks ago. Both yachts are, therefore, in full view of the public above the water line, and we have looked through the camera at the parts of each which are below. We know enough of the measurements of each to compare and to have expectations.

It is already apparent that the Englishmen, who every year heretofore have been beaten, and every year by a stiffer or broader boat, carrying bigger sails, have for this occasion thrown all old notions to the winds and made a last desperate effort to win by outdoing all former American models in these two heretofore decisive elements of success, beam and sail. The Valkyrie is believed with good confidence to be 27 feet broad, or broader in proportion even than the Defender in that respect, the Vigilant. She is expected to carry over 12,000 feet of canvas, or possibly a thousand more than the Vigilant. Our Defender is narrower than the Valkyrie, and a smaller jump of a boat on the whole, with less displacement. Instead of having a bigger boat, as we have always had, we will for this trial have a smaller one.

Looking at the past only, not to speak of the practical illustration the other day of the Valkyrie's great speed, we might impulsively ask where we may be at in September next, with considerable mistrust of occupying our usual place in front. However, we cannot yet be sure but that when Defender unfolds her wings she will spread them as wide as the Valkyrie; and, if she should fall short of her in sail, we have never believed, despite our great successes, that size and brute sail force are the sure foundations of victory.

In the long series of great sloops races for the America cup there have been two close contests, the second between the Parian and Gossamer, and the third between Vigilant and Valkyrie. Valkyrie and Defender promise more of the same sort, but, to our calculations, with the same result.

Latter-day turf critics contend, in the light of recent happenings, that the record of Kingston, 1:08, over the Futurity course, with 139 pounds up, should not stand. As a matter of fact, Mr. Caldwell started the horses for that race at the wrong pole, dropping the flag at the starting post for a race at 5½ furlongs. Thus Kingston gets a record he never earned, but grand old Kingston has many laurels, and can spare this one. He will be held in affectionate remembrance by thousands who regarded him as one of the most remarkable horses ever seen on the turf in any country.

He was as sound as a dollar when retired from the turf, and won more races than any horse the writer can recall at the moment. He was speedy, stout and true, and his temper was perfection. He had rare beauty of form, and this, with his other qualifications, made him the perfect type of the thoroughbred race horse.

The yearling sales which have been held in the vicinity of the Eastern tracks during the past few weeks have been comparatively successful. The prices realized have been fair, and those breeders who have offered good stock have had nothing to complain of. They have not received the average prices obtained a few years ago, when the market was admittedly on a fictitious basis, but a comparison with prices before the "boom" will prove favorable to the condition of the market at the present time. It is another version of an old story. The idiotic prices paid for yearlings four or five years ago induced hundreds to go into the business of raising thoroughbreds who had nothing but capital and a desire to make money to offer as an excuse. "Studs" sprang up all over the country, and the most worthless material was utilized for the purpose of producing alleged thoroughbreds. Anything in the shape of a horse that could be traced in any manner to good families was utilized. The boom has been burst by the puncture of the bubble of common sense, and those who in the beginning had no business to "monkey with the buzz saw" have had their fingers cut off.

The present status of racing, in the East at least, promises a great future for the sport, and, as a consequence, for the breeding interests. Those who make a business of offering yearlings that have any excuse for existence have nothing to fear. There will always be a good market for their produce.

Cycle critics are talking of nothing else nowadays but the probabilities of a three-sided contest between Zimmerman, Johnson and Sanger, who have just been forced into the professional ranks. It is useless, however, to dream of ever witnessing such a thing in this country. Zimmerman will make no match here this year. He is far too wise. He has taken unto himself a wife.

He is worth at least \$30,000 in cash, beside his interest in the manufactory at Freehold, and why should he seek more honors at the risk of his exceptional reputation and for a thousand or two thousand dollars at the outside? His plan is to proceed to Australia about August, put in six months or so there, pick up all the easy money there is to be obtained, boom his machine, then return here and retire.

He may be permitted to carry out this plan, provided there is enough cash hung up here to keep the minds of the newly fledged professionals occupied. But if there is not, then he will have to look out, for it is on the cards that one or two of them at least will wrangle up sufficient money to follow Zimmy to the Antipodes and enter against him in every open event, to say nothing of making his life miserable by innumerable challenges for matches. The Australians will not discriminate, and Zimmy will have to race or get out of the country, and then we shall see just who is the best man. There are those who say that Zimmerman is a man of great luck,

and that if when he was achieving his reputation he had to compete with the Glass 8 men, especially the lately expelled ones, of today, he never would have been champion. That may be as it may be, but it certainly would be interesting to see the champion in a race with the much-advertised cranks of these latter days.

The victories of the Yale freshmen and of the Yale varsity crew at New London leave Yale the undisputed leader among American colleges in athletics. The important question is, "How does she do it?" There are several minor details of her athletic policy which help her to win. One of these is that success in athletics at Yale means social success in college and business success in life after graduating. The man who carries the colors of Yale to the front has such a reward from the spontaneous recognition of his fellow-colleagues as is given in and by no other college. In Harvard, for instance, athletic honors do not carry with them the prestige they get in Yale. The second law of success is that Yale follows the good rule that whatever it sets out to do it does it with all its might. There is neither halt, hesitation nor question. "Win or die" would be a good motto for the athletic committee of this pious college. But chiefly Yale wins because its work is systematic and steady and carried out on a scientific plan based on skill, experience and truth. This is a method which is certain to win when opposed by hesitation, uncertainty, indecision and divided councils. It is a method which will win not alone in athletics, but in business, in study, in politics and in statesmanship. The mastery of the world has always belonged to the men and to the nations who knew their own minds and lived up to their purposes.

The recent duel at Rothesay, Scotland, between the Prince of Wales' cutter Britannia and the Allas demonstrated conclusively that the Britannia is the better yacht in a whole sail breeze; former contests have shown that she is superior to the Allas in moderate winds and light airs. Thus, the chances of the Allas being chosen to make an effort to capture the cup representing the yachting supremacy of the world are hardly worth consideration. She was squarely beaten at every point of sailing by the Britannia, and she has ceased to excite wonder. Although the Valkyrie III. has not been tested in a good breeze against the Britannia, the impression of yachtsmen is that the cup challenger is a good deal better than the Prince of Wales' cutter.

A genuine innovation is to be made in eastern racing. The Coney Island Jockey Club, always on the alert to please the patrons, and realizing that the great public which now supports the sport of kings must be catered to, will in the near future have fewer contests over the straight course over which three-fourths of the races used to be run and will have all of their events save a few of the big stakes for two-year-olds run over the circular track where the public can watch the race from start to finish and note the many changes that take place between the falling of the flag and the reaching of the wire. This is as it should be, for barring a mile and a sixteenth the starting point of the Sheepshead Bay track are as well placed that all of the contestants have a chance of victory. The public sees all too little of a race over the straight course. The glided ball drops, the timing flag goes down, the crowd shouts "They're off," and five furlongs or so away a cloud of dust arises. In less than a minute the contestants leave in sight, and by the aid of a pair of glasses the colors may be distinguished. From the elbow to the wire is something less than a quarter of a mile, and that is what the public sees of races over the Futurity course.

There is another reform that will be instituted sooner or later. That is the increasing of the distance in over-night events. Nothing takes with the public like a race over a distance of ground.

Under certain conditions, which in no way should stand in the way of his engagement, John M. Ward is willing to take charge of the New York team and do what he can to pull it and the game out of the slough of despond into which it appears to have fallen. In spite of the deplorable standing of the Giants in the pennant race, there is still a chance of landing the Temple Cup winners in a position to again contest for that trophy, but there must be a capable man at the head of the team.

President Freedman owes this appointment to New York's baseball public. It is the greatest city in the country in its love for the national game, prodigal in its patronage. With a winning team the club's profits would be enormous. Even with the disappointment of a second division team where a pennant-winner was looked for, the attendance at the Polo Grounds has been at high water compared to other League cities. But unless there is a radical improvement this magnanimity cannot endure. Ward's engagement would tend to smooth over all the existing difficulties and antagonisms, real or imagined, that have surrounded the present management, and he would heal old wounds, besides clinching new friendships. His engagement would mean renewed interest in the game, renewed enthusiasm and increased crowds. The team started off on a tough and tiresome trip July 5, with no more prospects of winning than when they went to Boston a week ago. A man of known experience is absolutely required, and one that has strength of character enough to uphold his claims as a manager and the authority that should be vested in the position.

DOMINO.

### WON OVER A HUNDRED VICTORIES.

Ernest Roeder, the "Police Gazette" Champion Wrestler, Returns from Germany.

Ernest Roeder, America's champion wrestler, returned from Germany last week, victor in over one hundred wrestling matches in which he participated throughout continental Europe. Among his victims was Carl Abs, the great German hercules, and Podilinski, the undefeated champion of Russia. During his tour, which lasted eleven months, Roeder, not only never was defeated, but meeting all comers, the champions of every country, threw them all. Next week's issue will contain Roeder's photo and a graphic account of his experience in Europe, throughout which he traveled as the "Police Gazette's" champion.

### DEFENDER'S TRIAL TRIP.

No Attempt Made to Speed the Yacht, but She Moved Very Smoothly.

The Defender had her trial trip here at Bristol, R. I., last Saturday, under anything but auspicious circumstances. After she returned Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, who is the head and front of the syndicate which furnished the money to build her, appeared delighted with the way she set the pace in the light breeze. He said:

"The boat is the fastest and the grandest that has ever been turned out by the Herreshoffs. It is minutes and minutes faster than the Vigilant."

"The way she sailed down Bristol harbor surprised everybody. We expected great speed, but she surpassed the greatest expectations of everybody on board."

"Of her behavior much might be said. Defender carries a great deal more sail than it was possible for the Vigilant to carry, and she will stand up under it as stiff as a wall. Even when she heeled over most in that twelve-mile breeze we had her sail was a foot higher above the water than we had reason to expect."

Mr. Iselin further said if the Defender had been racing she could easily have carried club topmasts. He said Nat Herreshoff handled the Defender all alone during the entire time they were out, offering this as an indication of the ease with which she can be handled.

L. S. Gearhart, of New Orleans, left the following challenge accompanied by \$200 forfeit at the POLICE GAZETTE office:

I hereby challenge any man in the world to compete in an all-round gymnastic contest for \$500 a side and the championship of the following events: Club juggling, club swinging, tumbling, horizontal bar, flying rings, boxing (four to six rounds), wrestling (catch-as-catch-can, best 2 in 3 falls). Contest to be governed by the gymnastic rules of the American Athletic Union in all events except boxing and wrestling. I have posted a forfeit of \$200 as a guarantee of good faith, the remaining \$300 to be posted at least two weeks previous to the date of the contest.

L. S. GEARHART.

### Cool Summer Drinks.

Over 1,000 recipes in the Police Gazette Bartender's Guide, copiously illustrated. Sold by all newsdealers or sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.

## FITZSIMMONS IS NOW FREE

Exonerated From All Blame in the Death of Con Riordan.

### UNANIMOUS FOR ACQUITTAL.

Judge Ross Congratulates the Pugilist After the Trial.

### NOW TO TRAIN FOR THE FIGHT.

Bob Fitzsimmons was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter inspired by the unfortunate death of Con Riordan, his sparring partner, which occurred in Syracuse, N. Y., last November. The trial, which was held in Syracuse, lasted nine days, and on Wednesday, July 3, the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," and the great middle-weight champion walked out of court a free man.

The jury deliberated for over three hours and a half before returning a verdict. It was late in the evening when they filed into the court room. The room was crowded, and as the jurors came in the suppressed excitement was intense. When C. P. Cornell, foreman of the jury, arose and pronounced the words, "Not guilty," the crowd stood on the benches and shouted, and a band stationed in front of the building played several selections.

Men went wild with excitement, while Fitzsimmons stepped up to the jury box, shook hands with each of the jurors, and then passed behind the bar and shook hands with Judge Ross. The Judge remarked:

"I am glad to see you free, Fitzsimmons; you are not a bad man, after all. I trust you will have luck in your future achievements." As soon as he heard the verdict Fitzsimmons' brother-in-law sent a telegram to Mr. Fitzsimmons, which said: "Acquitted. Be home to-morrow."

When the champion left the court-room he was followed by a big crowd, who cheered him frequently until he entered the Vanderbilt House, where he had been stopping. He held a reception for half an hour and then went to "Yank" Sullivan's, where a boxing exhibition was in progress.

The last day of the trial was one of marked excitement in the court-room. Fitzsimmons appreciated the fact that before another day dawned his fate would be decided, and he appeared anxious. He chewed gum incessantly and rested his head part of the time on his big fist.

Dr. G. S. Lyon, the principal witness for the defense, contradicted much of Dr. Tolman's testimony for the people, and said that, judging from the condition of Riordan's organs, as indicated by the autopsy, he was troubled with hypertrophy, Bright's disease of the kidneys, dropsical trouble and enlargement of the liver, and that his left lung was diseased.

Mr. House summed up for the defense, and gave a careful and eloquent review of the evidence in the case. He said if the blow which killed Riordan was an accident, no law was violated and no conviction could lawfully be obtained.

Judge Ross, in charging the jury, spoke for more than an hour, and dwelt on the different degrees of manslaughter, defining them in a clear manner. He also explained the meaning of excusable homicide, and said further that if the jurors did not believe Fitzsimmons guilty of manslaughter in the first degree, but thought the evidence proved he was guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, they could bring in a verdict accordingly.

Lay Judge Van Brocklin and the jury declare they were with Fitzsimmons from the start. Van Brocklin and his associate, Mr. Cole, would have overridden County Judge Ross' decision not to discharge Fitzsimmons when Mr. House made the motion but for the fear of public criticism. The jury was unanimous for acquittal.

Fitzsimmons returned to New York City immediately after trial and went to Coney Island where he has secured training quarters. When seen there Fitz appeared very much like a man who was glad he had no more legal difficulties to face. He did not think his trial had lasted more than a couple of days at the most, but he never expected anything but an acquittal, even after one panel of talesmen had been exhausted.

"The men on the jury knew nothing at all about boxing," Fitz explained, "but they were level-headed men every one of them. It was absolutely ridiculous for the prosecution to call that unfortunate bout a contest, much less a prize fight, for I paid this man so much a week to give exhibitions with me. We were actors and, perhaps, pretty bad ones. My case was looked after by thoroughly competent men, and I cannot begin to thank my counsel, for the prosecution banked on a conviction and expended a great deal of money for expert testimony. It is my intention to rest for awhile, exercising an hour or so a day. In a few weeks I shall begin to prepare for my fight with Corbett."

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—How old is Peter Jackson?.....34 years. S. McN., Byron, Ill.—Richard K. Fox is the editor and proprietor. J. F. L., Brunswick, Ga.—I. We do not know the party you refer to.

FRIEND, Newark, N. J.—Was George Dixon ever knocked out?.....No.

J. H. R., Quincy, Ill.—The POLICE GAZETTE is neutral on such matters.

L. L., Corning, N. Y.—We can only use photo when opportunity presents itself.

W. H. W., Lockport, N. Y.—It is a matter of opinion. We should think otherwise.

K. & McG., Wilder, Minn.—A champion must fight all challengers, black or white.

Jack, New York.—If you desire publicity given to your challenge send on a forfeit.

W. J. McC., Norris, Ill.—Jem Mace is of Gypsy origin, and Tom King was English.

H. H., St. Louis City, Mo.—The player must show the cards to win in such a case.

"Box 27," Fort Washakie, Wyo.—Send 50 cents and we will send you a book on the subject.

N. L., Honesdale, Pa.—A letter addressed to Prof. John Loris, care of this office, will reach him.

E. B., Washington, D. C.—You must settle the bet between yourselves; we will not decide it.

H. H., Grand Rapids, Mich.—You should wait the final decision of the House of Representatives.

A. S., Delhi, O.—Send 30 cents to this office and we will send you a book containing the records.

F. A. H., Piqua, O.—When a boat race or any contest not on the turf ends in a draw, bets are off.

J. R., Williamstown, Mass.—Peter Jackson defeated Frank P. Slavin on May 30, 1892, in 10 rounds.

E. W., Co. H., 9th Infantry, Sackett Harbor, N. Y.—Ernest Wagner, baker, 1440 Avenue A, New York.

M. R., Mobile, Ala.—Did John L. Sullivan ever hold the title of champion of the world?.....He never held it.

T. S. & M., Ogden, Utah.—Send 30 cents to this office and we will mail you a book containing the full information.

F. E. C., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.—You had better write to Harvard, Yale and Princeton for the information.

M. L. H., Rockaway Beach, L. I.—What is the best record for 100 yards run in the United States?.....9 4/5 seconds.

SCHENCK, Chicago, Ill.—Will four aces beat four deuces?.....In everything but poker dice, when ace counts low.

A. R., Genesee, Idaho.—How many rounds did Corbett and Mitchell fight at Jacksonville, Fla.....Three rounds.

R. J., Boston, Mass.—The pugilist who was called "The Shanghai Chicken" was Johnny Devine, of San Francisco, Cal.

W. F. S., Braddock.—1. Peter Jackson and Frank P. Slavin only fought once. 2. Bill Farnum defeated Peter Jackson.

J. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Ted Pritchard and Jim Hall fought on Aug. 20, 1892. Hall knocked Pritchard out in four rounds.

C. M. E., Smithville, Mo.—Do you know a sprayer by the name of Cat Fitch; also the Missouri Kid?.....Never heard of either.

T. W., Pottsville, Pa.—Abe Hicken was light-weight champion of America. He defeated Pete Maguire for \$2,000 and that title.

C. S. C., Gallup, N. M.—The following is the vote: Harrison, 516,011; Cleveland, 453,384; Weaver, 8,714; Bidwell, 35,123.

EWING, O'Brien, Mich.—1. Send 50 cents and we will send you a book containing all election returns. 2. In New York county.

S. D., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Sizes are high. 2. No. 3. John C. Heenan only fought John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Tom King.

G. A. W., West Covington, Ky.—Send 25 cents for "The Black Champions of the Prize Ring." It contains George Dixon's battles.

G. S., Alamosa, Col.—1. Was John L. Sullivan a college graduate? 2. Is John L. Sullivan the author of his play?.....No. 2. No.

H. J., Jeannette, Pa.—1. Sullivan and Corbett fought for \$10,000 a side and a purse of \$25,000. 2. We have no record of the Westmont matter.

J. W., Danville, Kan.—The battle between Jackson and Corbett in San Francisco, Cal., was stopped by the referee and declared "no contest."

S. W. F., Boston, Mass.—Walter Campbell and Walter DeRann fought 10 rounds on Sept. 24, 1892. Campbell won. Dominick McCaffrey was referee.

H. P., Boston, Mass.—We do not know the date; anyway, we could not advertise it free gratis. You will find the information in the New York daily papers.

W. E., Lawrence, Mass.—Sullivan has been knocked down three times during his fighting career: by James A. Hogan, Charley Mitchell and Jim Corbett.

H. B., Poplar Bluff, Mo.—Which is the best and cheapest route from here to Capetown, South Africa? Give price from New York.....\$66, via Southampton.

D. H., Lake Geneva, Wis.—Stone's alleged tramp from San Francisco to New York was arranged by himself. There was no wager depending upon the affair.

READER, Cedar Bluffs.—How old were Corbett and Jackson when they fought? How many times have they fought?.....Corbett, 35; Jackson, 30. Only once.

F. J. H., Jackson.—Where can I write to get a position on the Michigan, the revenue cutter which fits boys for the navy?.....Apply to the navy yard nearest your city.

W. G., Tombstone, Ariz.—Paddy Ryan won the championship of America by defeating Joe Goss in a match for \$2,000 at Collier's station, West Virginia, June 1, 1890.

READER, Thompson, Mont.—1. Louis Cyr is the champion. 2. You must describe the style of lifting before we can answer. There are numerous ways of lifting dumbbells.

J. B., Ithaca, N. Y.—I want to know how the Corbett and Jackson fight was decided; was it a draw or was it not?.....The decision was "No Contest," virtually a draw.

J. E. B., Telluride, Col.—Weaver only carried four States—Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Nevada. The electoral vote in North Dakota was one for Harrison, Cleveland and Weaver.

F. J. F., Truckee, Pa.—How many rounds did Fitzsimmons and Maher fight, and was Maher knocked out?.....Twelve rounds. Maher's seconds refused to let him go on, because he was so badly beaten.

A. E. S., So. Waterboro, Me.—Can Corbett, if he whips Fitzsimmons, and has previously stated that it will be his last fight, hold the belt?.....Yes; having won it three times it becomes his personal property.

H. F., New York.—What wages does Sims, the jockey, receive a year?.....That is a private matter between Sims and his employer; our opinion is that he receives \$10,000 a year from Croker and Dwyer together.

C. F., New York.—Which is the record of languages spoken by a young man of 19 or of 23 years of age. What languages are they, how many and who is the champion?.....There is no record of such an accomplishment.

SUSCINER, Ste. Genevieve, Mo.—Where can I obtain three books? Dictionnaire Genalogique, Des Familles Canadiennes, par L'Abbe Tasanque. Can be had at this office, published in 2 volumes, at \$13.50 for the set.

DIAMOND, Jersey City, N. J.—Will you inform me the names of all the horses and their jockeys and time of the Suburban Handicap and the Brooklyn Handicap since they started? Also value of the Brooklyn Handicap races?.....Goodwin's Turf Guide will supply you with the information; space in the POLICE GAZETTE is too valuable to waste on any lengthy history.

J. T. M., Lynchburg, Va.—A bet B that he can name the three winners in Saturday's games of the Virginia State League; he names Richmond, Petersburg and Portsmouth; rain prevented the Portsmouth game, and Petersburg lost to Lynchburg. Who wins?.....The bet is a draw, unless a stipulation is made, games prevented by rain not to count, then B wins.

C. F. H., Newark, N. J.—1. What two men ever fought the longest number of hours in a prize ring? 2. Did John L. Sullivan ever at any time agree to fight Jackson for any purse? 3. Did Peter Jackson come over from England to fight Sullivan?.....1. Bowen and Burke fought 7 hours 19 minutes with gloves at New Orleans, April 6, 1893. 2. No. 3. He came from Australia to fight Sullivan.

H. and L., Moorhead, Minn.—Will you kindly inform me through your paper the following to wit: What and where is the fastest time Nancy Hanks ever made? What time did she make on the regulation track and what time on the kite shape track? Please state records of both.....Nancy Hanks' best record 2:04, on regular track, Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 28, 1892. The track is not strictly regular, being quadrilateral, but is not kite-shaped. Her best time on kite-shaped track is 2:05 1/4, at Independence, Ia., August 31, 1892.

### OUR LETTER LIST.

|                    |                     |                      |
|--------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| Alexander, Ted     | Goddard, Joe        | McCoy, Chas (Kid)    |
| Allart, Nellie     | Goode, Chesterfield | Malden, Wm           |
| Ashinger, Chas W   | Goulden, Peter      | Moore, Dick          |
| Athleta, Mile      | Gouldland, Jack G   | Murray, Billy        |
| Beggs, Fred        | Grace, John         | Murphy, Billy        |
| Bonner, John       | Green, Stanislas    | Murph, Wm H          |
| Brown, T           | Greggins, Alce      | Myers, Lou           |
| Burge, Jim         | Haggerty, Jack      | Nelson, F            |
| Burke, Jack        | Hanley, Jack        | Newman, Billy        |
| Burns, Joe         | Harrison, H C       | Overbye, Ogo         |
| Burrell, H J       | Hart, Chas B        | Peterson, H          |
| Camp, Eugene       | Hayes, J D          | Petersen, C          |
| Canning, E J       | Hegerstrom, Maurice | Pilmer, B            |
| Cannon, Tom        | Herty, Dan          | Polen, W H           |
| Carey, Roger       | Hornbecker, Eugene  | Quinnell, M          |
| Carson, Wm         | Hughes, John        | Quirk, James         |
| Cass, James        | Johnson, Peter      | Radd, W R            |
| Comiskey, Chas     | Kaufman, Mr         | Roeber, Ernest       |
| Conners, Tom       | Kelly, Thomas       | Rosen, Lew           |
| Converse, Geo H    | Kelly, Jimmy        | Siddons, George      |
| Cunningham, Fred   | Kerney, Wm          | Smith, Myerious H    |
| Dapper, Thomas     | Kisler, George      | Smith, Ed            |
| Deering, Miss Rose | Koster, John        | Smith, Solly         |
| Dempsy, J          | Lafin, Prof         | Sprengling, Mr       |
| Drury, Tom         | Loris, Prof J P     | Taylor, Norman       |
| Donohue, Michael   | Loudon, J S         | Taylor, Steve        |
| Donaldson, Prof J  | Louis, Con          | Tierman, Mills       |
| Donovan, James     | Maber, Shadow       | Toner, Richard       |
| Dowd, B L          | Mace, Tom           | Van Hout, J          |
| Earley, Joe        | MacMillan, W        | Van Kessel, Prof F A |
| Freecy, G M        | Madia, James        | Waddell, R J         |
| Gannon Bros        | Marka, Robert       | Wagner, Charley      |
| Gannon, Geo        | McAuliffe, Jack     | Weir, I O            |
| Gaston, Frank      | McClure, R F        | White, J H           |
| Glyn, James        |                     | Wilson, Teddy        |

No word has yet been received from Robert McCullum, the young Scotch navigator who started on June 15 to cross the Atlantic in the 19-foot sloop Richard K. Fox. He has been 23 days on a journey which he estimated would take



## FIGHT WILL TAKE PLACE.

Law or No Law, Says Stewart,  
Dallas Will Be the Spot.

## WHAT THE MEN ARE DOING.

Plimmer and Dixon Still Dickering Over  
a Pound in Weight---No Match Yet.

## INTERESTING NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

The question whether or not the proposed fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons will take place on Texas soil still hinges upon the ability of the Law and Order element to establish a popular sentiment that will justify the local authorities in taking hostile action. The fact has been established that a revision of the penal code provides against a violation of the law as contemplated, but the new law does not take effect until Sept. 1. It is argued that all the arrangements for the proposed encounter take place even the introduction of the measure in the Texas Legislature. This furnishes very good ground for the assumption that the new law has no constitutional bearing upon contracts made before the date upon which it goes into operation.

The religiously inclined portion of Dallas' population are yet sanguine of their ability to prevent the contest taking place; and they have a very strong ally in the Attorney-General, who was the first to call attention to the existence of the new law relating to prize fighting.

What will Gov. Culberson do in the event of a demand being made upon him to prevent the meeting, is still giving the people outside of the State of Texas something to talk about; but, strange to say, the citizens of Dallas, who have confidence in Dan Stewart, the head and front of the scheme, are satisfied to rest under his assurance that everything will be all right.

Culberson, so far, views the affair in a very favorable light, and is disposed to believe that he has no power that will warrant his interference. He takes the ground that the matter is in the hands of the Dallas authorities, and thinks the latter are abundantly able to take care of it without aid from the State. He will not interfere, and as the guardians of peace and morals in Dallas are the only ones to be consulted, it is reasonable to suppose that they will be made to realize how advantageous it will be to have the meeting take place, and any objection from that source, therefore, will be made in a half-hearted, non-compromising way.

At any rate, the proprietors of the scheme are going ahead with the arrangements as if opposition and proposed interference is not even possible.

Some alarm was occasioned the other day when the edict went forth that the State Comptroller would refuse to issue a license for the fight under the Occupation Tax Law. It was generally supposed that this matter had been settled, and that the document which legalized the affair reposed safely in Dan Stewart's safe, but now it appears that the paper which Stewart received from State Comptroller Finley was nothing more or less than a receipt for the \$500 which accompanied the club's application for a license, and which was accepted pending an official determination as to whether the application would be considered favorably or otherwise. The refusal of the State Comptroller to issue the license excites but little comment in Texas sporting circles. Thirty seven prize fights have taken place in the State since 1893, and any number of glove contests. Dan Creedon bested McCarthy at the Grand Opera House in Galveston last winter, and there was no interference. He afterward fought Herman Bernau, and there was no interference by the authorities. In the history of pugilistic encounters in Texas there has never been an occupation tax paid into the State treasury, and never an application filed until Dan A. Stewart tendered the \$500 for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest.

In the midst of this new trouble comes reassuring news from Stewart. In a letter received the other day he says: "The glove contest between Corbett and Fitzsimmons will be pulled off in Dallas, October 31. This is positive. Six of the ablest lawyers of Texas have submitted opinions to the club. They are unanimous in agreeing that there is no law on the statute books of Texas to prevent this contest."

The Florida Athletic Club is going right ahead making arrangements. In all probability the license will be secured at the proper time, but license or no license the contest will take place on schedule time. One million feet of lumber has been ordered for the amphitheatre, and by Saturday the music of the hammer will be heard. Once for all, this contest will take place as guaranteed.

The offer of \$7,500 for Plimmer and Dixon to fight at Dallas seems to have had no effect in the way of inducing the former to change from his original determination to fight O'Rourke's protégé at the weight he suggests or not at all. In a letter which I received from England the other day, Plimmer very wisely argues that \$7,500 is no inducement for him to fight under conditions that would militate against his chances of winning. When he obtained a decision over Dixon at Madison Square Garden a year ago, he went out of his class to meet the champion, under circumstances which, even had he been defeated, would have reflected no discredit upon him. Having won a decision once, he does not propose to risk his prestige again, only under such conditions as would afford him an equal chance of winning.

As a matter of fact, Plimmer has conceded something. He has heretofore steadfastly held out for 114 pounds, and I was surprised, rather, the other day when a cable informed me that he would "go" at 115 pounds, weight at the ring side. Dixon, too, has done his share toward effecting a match. He has dropped his 118 pound argument by two pounds, and is willing to meet Plimmer at 116 pounds, but stipulating that the weighing in must be done at least four hours before the fight. Dixon has fought at 115 pounds and been strong, too. Both men are exceedingly clever at match-making, and are therefore anxious to secure the best points of the encounter, if it comes to an issue.

Quibbling over trifling details, however, is liable to cost Dixon and Plimmer the match, for I have good information to the effect that the people who comprise the management of the Dallas carnival are negotiating now for another strong attraction. And there seems really to be no secrecy about this. Ryan and Smith were second in favor, and I understand that arrangements have been partly made toward having them fight on the evening of the day preceding the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair.

And now they tell a story about Sullivan's benefit not being a benefit at all, but a three-sided business venture, in which the ex-fistic monarch was only an indifferent factor. The other parties to the scheme were Billy Brady and Jim Corbett on one end and the promoters and managers of the affair on the other. The story goes that the receipts were cut up into three parts--Sullivan getting only an even share with the rest. One well known chronicler of fistic news, who pretends to be able to get at the inside of a lot of exclusive information, in defending his argument that other people got a "rake off" besides Sullivan, calls attention to the fact that Brady's corps of doorknockers, managers, etc., etc., did duty at all the entrances, for the purpose of protecting the interests of their employer, and that Little Billy himself was very conspicuous when the counting was being done. I happen to know that this is not altogether true. When it was first hinted at that the box receipts were to be attached to satisfy an old judgment against Sullivan, Parson Davies' services were enlisted on behalf of the ex-champion, and he proposed the only reasonable way out of the difficulty by pre-

paring a bill of sale for the house receipts, purchasing them of speculation, for \$5,000, and giving Sullivan his check for that amount. The papers were regularly drawn and filed in court to provide against any legal complications; a copy of the same I saw in Davies' possession. The Parson ran the show to all intents and purposes, and pocketed the coin, but as he afterward said, in a manner significant to say the least, "There isn't anything to prevent my making a present of \$5,000 to John in a day or so, if I care to, is there?"

Speaking of Sullivan suggests to me the advisability of giving to the dethroned champion's friends throughout the country, an opportunity to enjoy an ably-written dissertation upon his career which appeared in the New York Sun of a recent issue. It reads as follows:

"The Hon. John Lawrence Sullivan, the Boston god of old days, had a benefit in this town the other night. Much of the great talent of the art of evading was present. The Hon. James John Corbett consented to appear for one night as a minor star, and the red kangaroo of the back was there in heart, if not in actual fist. Many other great names of the ring ornamented the occasion, which was with enthusiasm and profusion of gold beyond the power of attainment. No doubt many austere moralists are passing their days in melancholy and ashes, lamenting the decline of public morals which permits a testimonial of honor to a common, or rather an uncommon, pugilist. We have no desire to add to the grief of the moralists, but the solid truth must be spoken. Sullivan is now a broken man, prematurely aged, weakened in body and doubting in mind by the excesses of his days of triumph. It is easy to be rigorous with him, to glory in his faults, and to dwell upon the seeming arrogance with which he accepted, and the mad prodigality with which he wasted, the fruits of his surpassing natural strength. The cordiality with which he was welcomed the other night by men, many of whom have lost large sums in blind dependence upon those physical gifts which he had not the good fortune to regulate by a decent self-control, is perhaps no answer to the obvious criticisms that must be made of a career boldness and unhappy. Yet the regard with which this man is still received by men cynical enough and void of illusions seems to us not an unworthy thing."

"It shows that there is a public which clings to an old favorite from whatever cause degenerated or debased. It shows, too, that foolish as Sullivan has been, there is still a perception in the public mind that amid great temptations to which he easily succumbed, and in spite of brutalities with which he has been credited, justly or unjustly, there was some rude elemental kindness in his spirit."

"We don't say this to excuse his excesses or to maintain that they were inevitable. Corbett is as quick to save as Sullivan has been to spend. It is a matter of temperament first and then of habit, and the saving habit makes good citizens, in so far, and the wealth and safety of the State. But look among the graduates of the colleges or the youths most profusely educated, privately or abroad, and say how many of them could have borne the strain put upon this Boston boy in the twenties, could have endured a sudden and surprising property with an even heart. And he did not have the education which, small as it is, is supposed or hoped to save the rapid young gentlemen in the colleges from ruin. He knew baseball, but not history, and there was nothing in his antecedents or his surroundings to preserve him from the clutches of a success that made him more famous, for the hour, than Pasteur or Koch, and richer in his own natural idea of his money-making possibilities, than the Rothschilds. He sprang at one bound into fame and the possibility of riches. No education or rich man of the House of the decadence had more retainers and flatterers and sycophants. He made money without effort, and he squandered it like a coal oil Johnny. He was the victim of impulses which have brought thousands of other men to poverty and disgrace--men without his temptations, men convivial and too social, and not too choice of their amusements. The Gulf and the grave of Maginn and Burns engulfed and buried this man of purely physical distinction, who had had no training and no aptitude for intellectual pursuits or for the ways of business. He earned and threw away hundreds of thousands of dollars. He was for a few brief years a barbarian prince. His revenues, his glory and his constitution are no more."

There could be no easier subject with which to point a moral or adorn a tale. Yet it seems to us that there is something not altogether unworthy in the surviving kindness to Sullivan of old admirers whom he has done so much to estrange. There were and are primitive instincts of generosity and kindness in this man, and they are not forgotten by persons whose manners and morals may sorely need mending, but in whom the struggle for a doubtful livelihood, won upon the test of adventure, has left a certain sentimentality not inconsistent with doubtful practices, not deserving of praise, perhaps, in the slightest of moralists, but no conscious humbug, and its intentions a virtue. There are plenty of other persons in the staid walks of life who remember when John Sullivan was the greatest dynamic sweater of the world, the hardest plant and finest flower of physical superiority."

### It looked at one time last week as if Jimmy

Handler would have a chance to "go" Lavigne in a ring battle. I arranged a meeting for the respective managers to talk over the details of a match. Handler's representative, Fred Voight, put in an appearance, prepared to post \$500 forfeit, but went away after waiting an hour and a half for the Lavigne party. Fitzsimmons' protégé is sincere in his desire to fight the Saginaw lad, and the weight question cannot be raised to interfere with making a match. Handler will weigh 133 pounds, and give or take the customary two pounds, weigh-in at any time. He can be backed for \$2,500 in a fight to a finish. This would be a good match for the Texas carnival.

### For the benefit of the local pugilists who are

preparing to invade England this summer in the hope of finding something to do, a word of advice just now will not be amiss. Mr. Atkinson, the distinguished gentleman who presides over the editorial department of *Sporting Life*, London, writes me that it would be well for all pugilistic managers to make their matches before leaving home and thus avoid the probability of being disappointed after reaching their destination. Mr. Atkinson says there are no halls available in London for holding pugilistic shows, and none of the established clubs will offer purses at this time of the year. He deplores the fact that England has not a bantam capable of holding his own with Barry, and regrets also that bantamweight affairs are not attractive to the people who attend fights. Slavin may be induced to box Choyinski, but no club would offer a sufficiently large purse to warrant the meeting. O'Rourke can match Dixon against Fitzpatrick over there, and Burgu would take Walcott for a stake. Kickless has no financial backing. Peddler Palmer can be backed against Joe Kings for \$1,000 a side. It will thus be seen that the outlook, while bright for O'Rourke's stable, promises nothing for the others.

### Interest in Con Riordan's unfortunate death

and Bob Fitzsimmons' trial for manslaughter is at an end. The former sleeps the eternal sleep, in a grave purchased by the same hand that administered the blow which perhaps hastened his end, and the man who was charged with causing death to a fellow-creature, his friend and partner, has been freed of the responsibility by a jury selected to weigh the evidence presented in court.

While Riordan's death is to be deplored, it is due Fitzsimmons to congratulate him upon his victory, and commend him for his bravery in courting the very fullest investigation, in the face of the awful fate that confronted him in the event of an unfavorable verdict being arrived at. Fitzsimmons has reiterated that he felt in no way responsible for Riordan's death, and it was to establish this fact beyond all question of doubt that he elected to go into court and clear himself of the horrible charge, rather than take advantage of other avenues of escape that were open to him.

The acquittal of Fitzsimmons removes any doubt about the fight taking place, so far as the principals are concerned. The big New Zealander has resumed the work of preparing for his battle. He is at Coney Island, where he has planned to remain for the summer, spending the six weeks next preceding the fight near Galveston, Tex., where the arduous and exacting part of his training will be done.

SAM AUSTIN.

### Ready! Time! Biff! Bang!

Lots of fun and good solid healthy exercise in a brisk bout with the gloves. The best glove furnishes the most fun. THE POLICE GAZETTE STANDARD BOXING GLOVE is the best in the market. Send two cent stamp for list and catalogue RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

## CORNELL CREW AT HENLEY.

Trained to the Hour for the  
Challenge Cup.

## NOT A DEFEAT SINCE 1883.

Coach Courtney Thinks the Crew is the  
Best He Ever Turned Out.

## CORNELL, I YELL, YELL, CORNELL.

Will Cornell win at Henley? This is the all-important question that is agitating the American sporting public just now. An American crew, 5,000 miles from home, striving for the highest aquatic goal to be reached, a victory for the Grand Challenge trophy, is enough to stir the blood and excite the admiration and encouragement of their countrymen on this side of the ocean, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that while the current issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE* is being circulated among its hundreds of thousands of readers, patriotic hearts are wishing for their success.

Leaving Harvard and Yale out of the question, for the reason that their crews have steadfastly refused to row against Cornell, the latter crew represents the very foremost type of American college oarsmen. Since 1873 Cornell students have sent out a "vandy crew" each year. Once, in 1875, Harvard's colors bowed before the cornelian and white of Cornell, and then for a few years came defeats, with an occasional victory. But in the past eleven years Cornell has not been beaten once either in her freshman or "vandy" races. Year after year a challenge was sent to Yale, but it was as quickly declined, upon the ground that Yale had nothing to win in beating Cornell and everything to lose in being beaten by the younger college. In baseball and football Yale is only too anxious to play Cornell, but always gave her crews a wide berth. The fact that Cornell held the world's record for the fastest time both in the three-mile and the four-mile course made little difference. Yale simply wouldn't row Cornell.

This determination of Yale rankled in the thoughts of the muscular Cornell boys, and the decision to send a crew to England was reached solely because, if Cornell should win the Henley race, Yale would be obliged to notice her challenge.

Cornell grasped the opportunity to prove that her crews were worthy of rowing with Yale. The alumni and students responded to the appeal for money, and \$10,000 necessary to send the crew to England was raised.

The Henley regatta is different from any American boat race. It affords the English people something as the Yale-Princeton football game on Thanksgiving Day affords New Yorkers. Henley is the Mecca of oarsmen. During the royal regatta, which consists of a number of races, it is one of the chief places of attraction in England.

The race in which Cornell will compete on July 11 is called the grand challenge boat race, and is open to the amateurs of the world. It is supposed to be a typical "gentlemen's" race, as no person who ever worked to earn money can belong to any of the crews which race. Last year the race was won by the Leander Boat Club, and the winning eight was composed of six Oxford and two Cambridge men, who had rowed in the Oxford-Cambridge races.

The men in training for the responsibility of the race, and how much Cornell's future on the water depends upon it, and it is the firm belief of the students, as well as of the faculty, that the eight men who will wear the Cornell colors in the grand challenge race will either win or will have to be carried from the boat, and a Cornell crew has never yet collapsed.

The man who has always coached the Cornell crews is Charles Courtney, and so far as this training is concerned he has absolute power.

One of the secrets of Courtney's success, aside from his stroke, is the discouraging way he treats the men. He does not flatter them, and not until the race is actually won do the boys see anything but a cold glint in Courtney's eyes.

The crew on the day of the race will be made up as follows:

|                             | Age. | Height.  | Weight. |
|-----------------------------|------|----------|---------|
| H. L. Shape, captain.....   | 23   | 6.00     | 165     |
| F. W. Froberg.....          | 19   | 5.11     | 176     |
| E. C. Hager.....            | 24   | 5.10 1/2 | 172     |
| T. Hall.....                | 25   | 5.10     | 180     |
| W. B. Christie.....         | 26   | 5.08 1/2 | 182     |
| T. F. Pennell.....          | 19   | 5.09     | 176     |
| W. F. Olin.....             | 19   | 5.10 1/2 | 165     |
| R. B. Hamilton.....         | 20   | 5.08 1/2 | 165     |
| F. C. Slade.....            | 21   | 5.11 1/2 | 168     |
| F. D. Dyer.....             | 19   | 5.11 1/2 | 176     |
| F. D. Colson, coxswain..... |      |          | 160     |

Nearly all of these candidates have won some honors in Cornell athletics.

The students, of course, are enthusiastic and believe that Cornell will win the Henley race. But, looked at coolly and calmly, Cornell will have harder work than she ever had before in all her athletic life.

### PUGILISTIC POINTERS.

Jimmy Kennard and Louis Jeeter will fight with bare knuckles near Birmingham, N. Y., this month.

The Orib Club has arranged a bout between Fred McGirr of Connecticut and Joe Mullin to take place this month.

Danny McBride and Barney Bellis of Philadelphia fought fifteen rounds on July 1 in Baltimore. It was declared a draw.

Marty McCue and Sol English of Baltimore will probably be matched for fifteen rounds at 120 or 122 pounds, in Baltimore, the latter part of this month.

Johnny Griffin will probably postpone his meeting with Jerry Marshall at Chicago, as he expects to get on a match with Dixon in a few days.

Kid McPartland, the New York featherweight pugilist, says he will be at the ring side when Kavey and Kelly fight, prepared to make a match with the winner.

Champion George Dixon and Joe Walcott have been engaged to box before the new electrical photographing machine, and Walcott's opponent probably will be Young Corbett.

Stanton Abbott and Billy Duke of Baltimore have signed articles to meet for fifteen rounds at 133 pounds before the Nureks Athletic Club of Baltimore the latter part of this month.

Shadow Maher, the Australian welterweight pugilist, says he has recovered completely from the effects of his row at Coney Island and is willing and anxious to make a match with any 140-pound boxer in the country.

Joe Corbett, the younger brother of the heavyweight champion, arrived in this city last week. Joe will spend the summer with the champion at the latter's training quarters at Asbury Park.

George Lavigne, the Saginaw Kid, has accepted Jimmy Handler's challenge for a finish fight. An effort is being made to pull the fight off in Dallas on the occasion of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons battle.

A probable pugilistic fixture is an 8-round bout between Jimmy Kavey, of Boston, and Charley Kelly, of this city. The contest will take place before one of the Boston clubs next month. Johnny Murphy, whom Kavey tried to arrange a match with several weeks ago, refused to fight.

Tommy Ryan received word from Chicago on July 3, that Hugh Maher, of that city, would back him for \$5,000 against

"Mysterious Billy" Smith, of Boston, and says that he will now force Smith to fight or keep still.

Jimmy Downey, referee of the New London Club, says that his club has offered a good purse to Jim Holmes and Steve Bloom for an eight or ten round bout at 133 pounds at the next monthly boxing show of the club.

Jimmy Anthony, the champion of Australia, won his maiden fight in this country at San Francisco. His opponent was Donny Mahony, whom he knocked out in nine rounds. Anthony broke his right hand in the first round.

Mike Sears, of Boston, is anxious for a match, and his teacher has issued a challenge to Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, Jimmy Kavey or Charley Kelly, of New York, for a limited bout at 108 or 110 pounds, providing the Suffolk Athletic Club, of Boston, offers a purse.

Jimmy Handler has been matched to box George Valentine ten rounds in Newark, N. J. Valentine is a Newark lad and has fought several times with some success. He is an unusually tall man for his weight, 188 pounds, and is liable to give Fitzsimmons' protégé some trouble to defeat him.

Billy Gallagher, who claims the title of welterweight champion of the Pacific Coast, says he is not matched to fight Billy West in Brooklyn next month. Gallagher says he is looking for bigger game than West, and would like to do business with Tommy Ryan or Mysterious Billy Smith.

The Weir, who has not been in the ring since he defeated Billy Murphy, is trying to get on a match with champion George Dixon. The Spider has a few friends that, according to reports, are ready to wager \$1,500 on Weir against the colored lad. The match in all probability will be made and will be decided in Boston.

Leslie Pearce, the New England boxer, offers to arrange another match with Stanton Abbott, providing the latter bets \$1,000 on the result. If Abbott cannot raise the amount named Pearce says he will agree to arrange a match with Young Corbett or Jimmy Dime, before the Suffolk Athletic Club, of Boston, to take place next month.

Jim Hall, the prize fighter, and Dave M. Young, one of the most popular insurance and society men in Louisville, Ky., were on July 5 named as co-respondents in the sensational Howard divorce case. They have been mentioned for some time as "among others" who were to be specified in the answer of Dr. John L. Howard to the petition of Mrs. Willie Lee Howard.

Joe Walcott has recovered from his injuries, and he probably will be matched this week to box "Billy" Smith again in Boston next month. Walcott is now ambitious to gain honors as a bag puncher. He is practicing every day, and he has become quite proficient in the art and is asking for a chance to meet Smith, Hennessy or O'Brien in a half punching contest.

Charley Roden, of the Scottish-American Athletic Club, is not satisfied with the result of his last meeting with Casper Leon, and has issued a challenge to meet him in a limited-round bout at 105 or 108 pounds, weigh in at the ring side. Billy Newman, matchmaker of the Hudson County Athletic Club, will probably offer a purse for them at the show to be held in Oakland Park, Jersey City, on July 15.

Charley Genslinger and "Jim" Corbett played pool at the New Manhattan Athletic Club last Tuesday night. Their last encounter at that game was in New Orleans some years ago. Corbett, Genslinger and "Andy" Bowen participating. On that occasion Genslinger was the victor, but Corbett predicted that he would win the next time they met. Sure enough on Tuesday night Corbett won hands down.

Florida State Representative Mills, speaking of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight and the bearing of the statutes of the State thereon, said: "The law of 1890, imposing an occupation tax of \$500 on prize fights, was repealed by the act of 1891, making prize fighting a penal offense and providing a fine of not less than sixty days nor more than twelve months in jail." Mr. Mills is the author of the act of 1890 prohibiting prize fights.

The steamer *Empress of China* brought news from China that Billy Waters, of Victoria and San Francisco, pugilist and bar-room bouncer, is now Minister of War and Vice-President of the Republic of Formosa. Waters' connection with the new-born republic dates back only a few months. One night some Chinese mandarins attempted to interfere unduly with Billy's prerogative, and the ex-pugilist promptly laid them out and handled their bodyguard in the same free-and-easy fashion. His value from a military standpoint was immediately recognized by the Governor.

Champion J. J. Corbett figured in two unusual incidents at the New Manhattan A. C. the other night. One was a scientific exhibition of boxing by himself and Jim McVey, which followed the second regular bout on the card. His next appearance presented him in an entirely different aspect, and intensified the sensational climax which ended the last bout of the night. Corbett had been retired while his protégé, George Green, otherwise known as Young Corbett, was receiving an unexpected dressing down from Billy Vernon. The latter fell or was thrown heavily in the fifth round and cries of foul were heard on all sides. The champion rushed to the ring and denounced the whole proceedings. In a voice almost trembling with rage, he shouted to Young Corbett to get out of the ring at once, as there was no chance of his getting the decision there. As Green hesitated, Corbett sang out: "Go to your room, George, and don't let there like a chump. Can't you see that you have no show?" Apart from this regrettable termination the show compared favorably with any one under similar auspices.

### LATE SPORTING NEWS.

Aix les-Bains, July 6, 1895.--In the pigeon shooting matches here to-day Ginet beat Verdaval and "Fred" Hoy beat Verdaval.

Tommy Dixon and Oscar Gardner, "the Omaha Kid," have been matched again to box in the West, September 25, for \$1,000 a side.

Tommy West, of Boston, and Billy Gallagher, of San Francisco, are willing to fight at any club where a suitable purse can be obtained.

At the Amateur Athletic championship games held at Stamford Bridge, New London, last Saturday, the mile race was won by Bacon, holder of the mile championship, who covered the distance in 4m. 17s., beating the record of 4m. 15 1/2 s., made by W. G. George in 1884.

Ernest Roeber, America's champion wrestler, returned from Europe recently. He called at the *POLICE GAZETTE* office and proudly displayed the trophies he had won in over one hundred contests in Germany and Russia. Among the great foreign wrestlers whom he defeated was Carl Ahe, the German Hercules, and Podolski, the Russian champion. Roeber never once met with defeat.

A cable from Hunter's Quay, Scotland, last Saturday, says: The Valkyrie, in her race with the cutters Britannia and Alisa to-day, over the fifty mile course of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club, for the Queen's Cup, demonstrated what has been conceded by the yachting experts, that she is a marvel in light weather. She beat the Britannia through a smooth sea and in a southerly wind that held true, but that was of varying force and never strong, by 18m. 38s. elapsed time, and by 4m. 24s. corrected time. The Alisa, which received an allowance of 2m. 59s. from the cup challenger, was defeated by her 19m. 47s. elapsed time, and 16m. 48s. corrected time.

Harry Wheeler, the New Jersey cyclist, who has been abroad racing against the noted flyers of the Old World, arrived in New York last Saturday. Wheeler looked to be in splendid condition. He said that his poor showing in recent races abroad was due to a bad fall he received in a race in Paris six weeks ago. This caused him to cease training, and he decided to return home. Asked if any of the fast European riders would come here to compete in the cash prize races, Wheeler said that the following riders would surely sail for America next month: Verheyen, the German champion; Houbert, the Belgian flyer, who defeated Zimmerman; Edwards, Barton, Linton and Lewis, the English cracks, and Michael, the Welsh champion.

### New Ideas On Boxing.

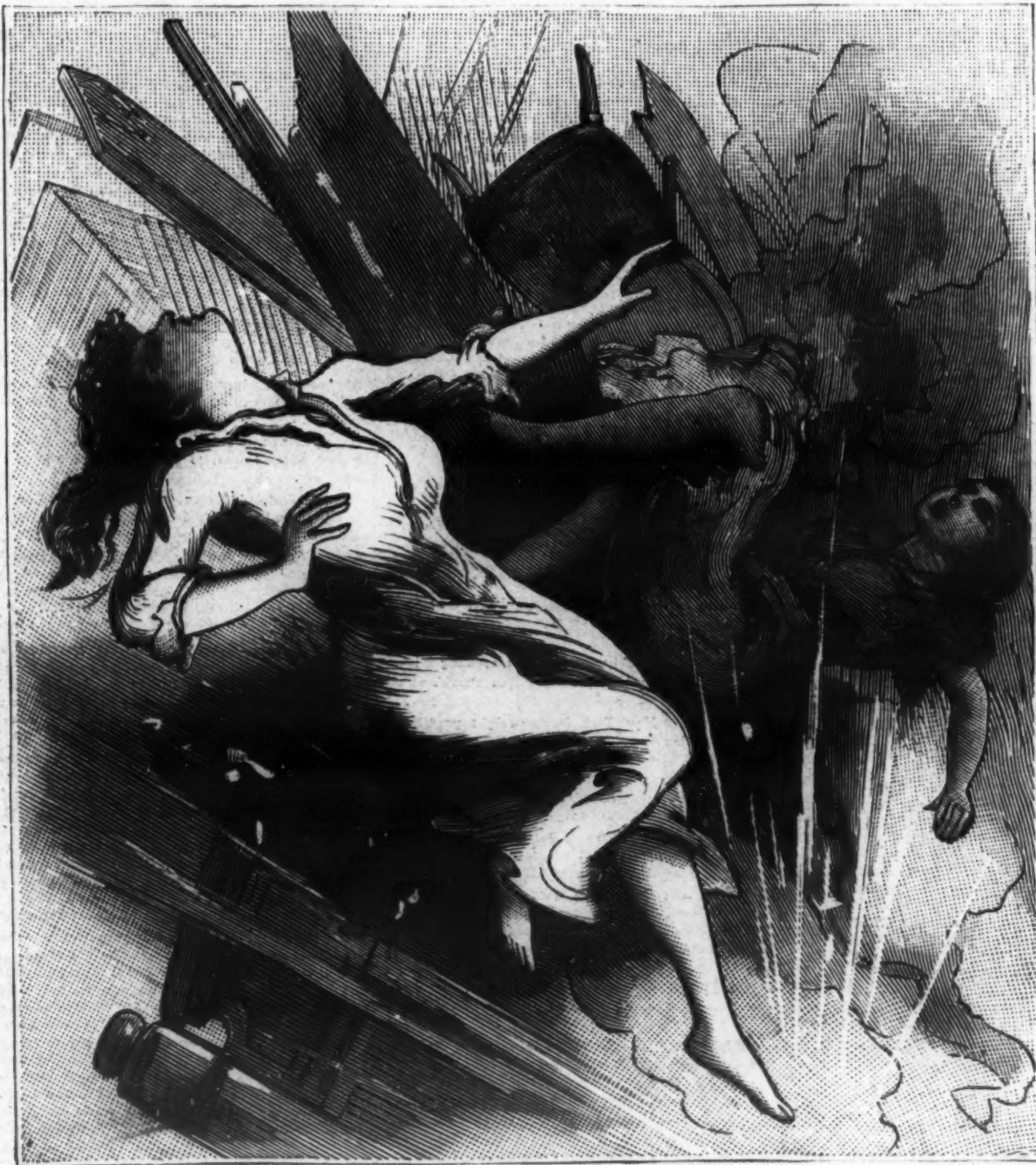
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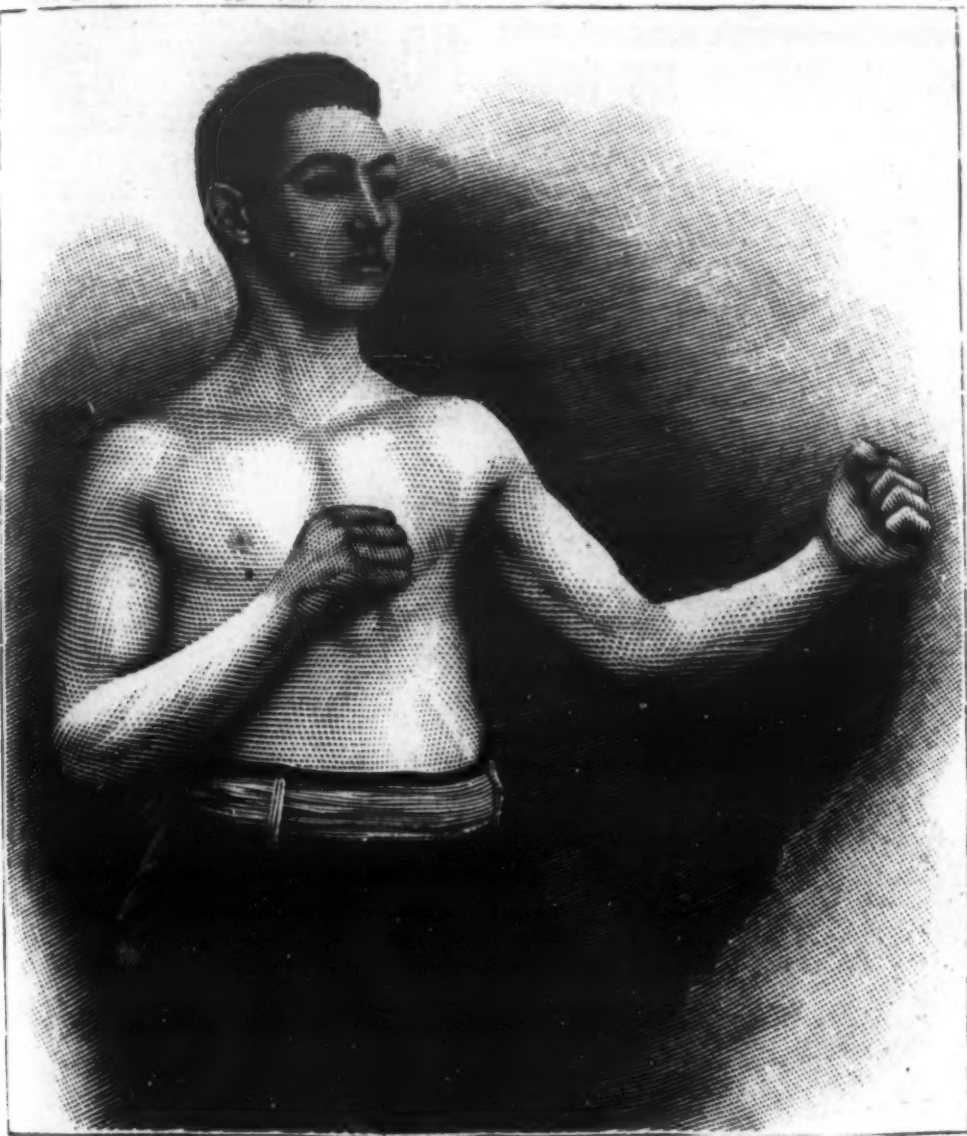
CAN BE FOUND BY THE THIRSTY AT WALSH'S SALOON, 933 D STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.



JOHN POLLOCK.

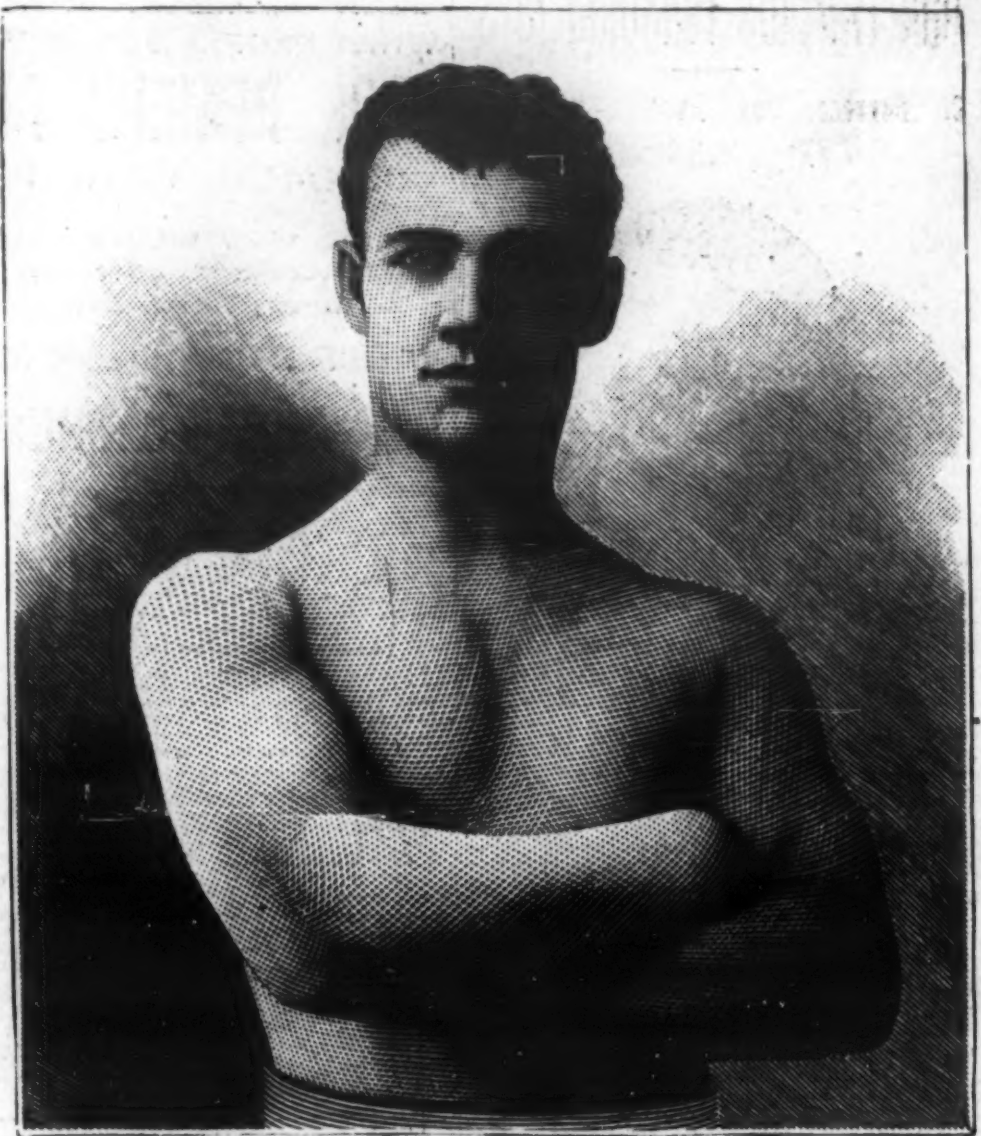
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I will report that after commencing the treatment on Nov. 17, by the 10th of December I felt well; had a good appetite and no symptoms of syphilis whatever. Those fearful sores disappeared during the first days of last December, and I am happy to say they have never reappeared and I trust they never will.

## Cannot Complain in the Least.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Jan. 22, 1895.  
It has now been some time since I reported my condition. I cannot complain in the least. Since I came here, the 25th of December, I have gained 12 pounds.

## We Cured his Friends.

CHICKSTER, Ark., Jan. 25, 1895.  
Since I got your first letter I find I am working with some of your patients and find they are in the very best of health, so I can't doubt your treatment.

## Our Guarantee Good as Bank Notes.

PALATKA, W. Va., Jan. 25, 1895.  
I have your favor of the 22d inst. and will say I have taken the liberty to have your standing etc. investigated from a commercial standpoint, and I am happy to say for you that the result was more than satisfactory. I received my information from a personal friend who lives and is in the legal profession in Chicago, and he informs me that your guaranty is as good as bank notes. Will add for your information that if you have occasion to refer to me for your financial standing, you can do so privately and I will show your commercial standing from my personal friend, who furnished me with the list of your firm and the individual rating of each of its members, the total of which is \$287,500.

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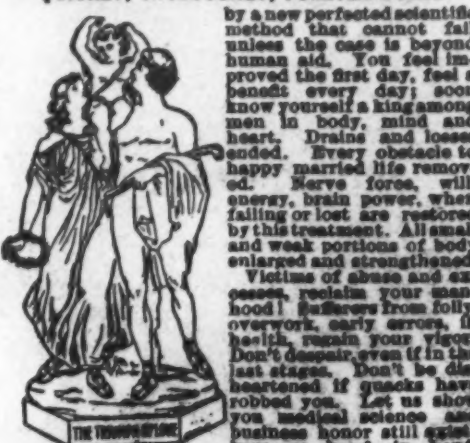
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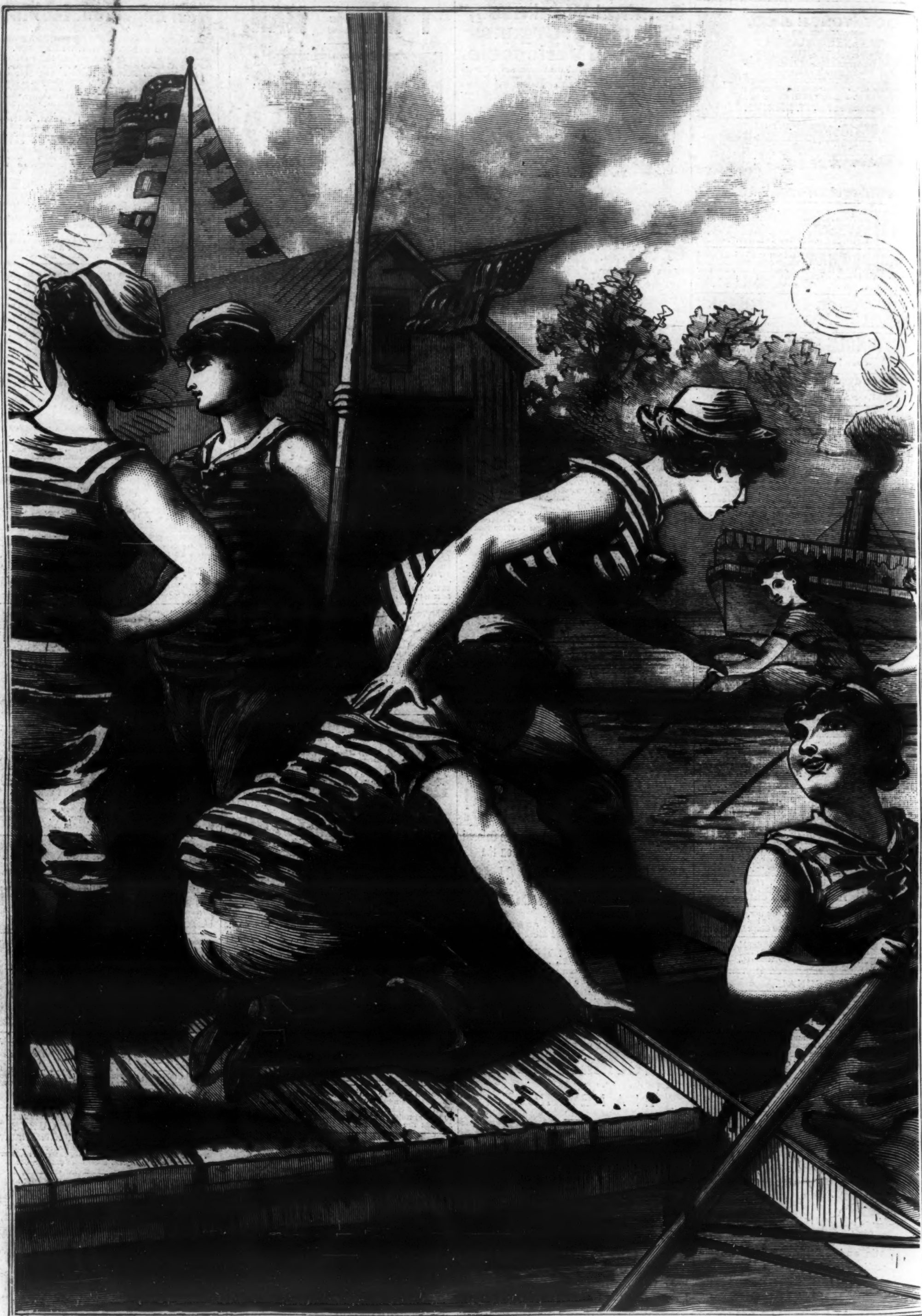
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